

The American Girl

15¢ a copy

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

DECEMBER

1932



Alice Dyar Russell

Charles G. Muller—Leslie C. Warren

"The time has come,"
the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things . . .



of shoes and ships and sealing-wax, cabbages and kings."

And that funny Walrus fellow should add, "The time has come to talk about you!"

CHRISTMAS IS NEAR. You plan to select for your friends a gift which is small in cost yet great in enjoyment. Many girls will solve the problem by writing "The American Girl" after the name of each friend. A subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL as a gift is the last word in budget management!

Add THE AMERICAN GIRL to your own Christmas list. You surely want your copy to come to you every month. Half the fun in living is in knowing what Jo Ann and Scatter are doing!

When "The Laughing

Princess" concludes in the February issue, there'll be a new serial to take its place. Not really to replace it in your heart (for who could ever forget lovely Rosamond Bolton?), but to add to the fun in THE AMERICAN GIRL. Wait till you begin "The Hoodooed Inn," the new serial by Louise Seymour Hasbrouck!

March issue—the International Number—will take you on a quick trip around the world. You'll visit strange places, learn of strange people and how they live.

There is a big year in store for THE AMERICAN GIRL readers in 1933.



MR. WALRUS

IMPORTANT NOTE: Please look on the wrapper in which this copy is mailed. If your name has D 32 alongside, it means this copy is the last one in your present subscription. Lose no time in sending in your renewal in the envelope enclosed in this copy.

Why not give your best friend a subscription as a Christmas present? She will remember your kindness twelve times during the year. An envelope has been included in this copy to speed your reply.

This year, above all, The American Girl will make a charming gift, modest in cost yet rich in satisfaction.

Along the Editor's Trail

NO MATTER how modern we may pride ourselves on being, nor how debonairly we may ignore what we consider outworn customs, there are some things we cannot separate from tradition without the sacrifice of most of their charm and meaning. And one of these is the celebration of the Christmas season.

In nearly two thousand years many rites and legends and lovely customs have grown up around Christmas all over the world. In Holland, St. Nicholas is the patron saint of the day and is supposed to fill the wooden shoes of good Dutch children with gifts. Our Santa Claus is a close relation of his; in fact, in the poem, *The Night Before Christmas*, which is as familiar to most children as the old nursery rhymes, he is called "St. Nick". In Sweden, it is Jul Tomte, a gnome, who watches out for the children on Christmas, and in Germany it is Kriss Kringle. Each country has its own way of expressing the spirit of Christmas, with stories and carols and feasts and devotions. And these festivities have been going on for generations and will go on, probably, as long as there is such a day as Christmas, no matter what other customs may change or perish as the centuries whirl by.

Lighted candles in the window on Christmas Eve, mistletoe hanging over the door, holly and pine boughs

above the fireplace—all are inextricably interwoven with the Christmas season. In some places the old practice of carol singing is being revived—and Girl Scouts are helping to do it. Christmas waits go from street to street or gather around a tree and

"God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay—"

rings through the night just as it did in English villages long ago when wandering fiddlers and singers took to the road with lanterns and went from manor house to cottage, carolling Christmas tidings.

There is something satisfying in following old traditions at Christmas time. Old manners and old ceremonials belong more to that season than to any

other. Try to imagine replacing holly and mistletoe with roses and columbine and singing modern airs, no matter how beautiful, instead of *Holy Night* and *It Came Upon a Midnight Clear* and you will realize how much old customs contribute toward creating the feeling of Christmas.

The smell of evergreen, the quiet glow of lighted candles, the crackling of the Yule log, the joyous notes of ancient carols, the very words, "Merry Christmas"—all these are precious and to be cherished even in this most modern world, because they have been for generations the outward expressions of the inner glow that we call the Christmas spirit.



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ALICE WADE ROBINSON, Managing Editor

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"I've asked for boots
for Christmas—so



I'll be ready for the holiday hikes

I'VE BEEN dying for a pair for ages—I know hikes will be twice as much fun with high boots. Mother's pleased that I want such a practical gift—she says I can wear them for winter sports, too!"

IF YOU enjoy the great outdoors (and what Girl Scout doesn't) you, too, will be thrilled with a pair of these Moccasin Boots. Like all the Buster Brown Official Girl Scout Shoes, they're built right so that they help you to walk and stand nature's way—with toes straight ahead. That's the way to better health, more pep and graceful posture, too! Try a pair soon! And ask to see the smartly tailored official oxford patterns. They're sold by department and shoe stores everywhere.



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* Retailers who sell "Robin Hood" and "Central" footwear have these same Official Girl Scout Shoes, marked "Central's Official Girl Scout Shoes."

A New Craft

WHAT do you do with your old stockings, when they are beyond hope and the darning needle? From now on, save them, for you can make the most attractive Early American rugs out of them by a new kind

of craftwork which is done on a sewing machine. Berets, scarfs, collars, dresses, and even suits and coats may be trimmed smartly and inexpensively by the same method. And for the girl who likes to make things for her room or home, there are innumerable things: bathroom sets, pillows, rugs, wall hangings, fringes for breakfast or luncheon sets and curtains—any one of which would make a lovely gift for some-



A GIRL WILL APPRECIATE AN ASCOT TIE

one on your Christmas list.

Wool, cotton, or silk yarns, or rag strips—depending upon what is being made—are wrapped around the craft guide, and a row of machine stitching is placed between the prongs to fasten the yarn to the background material, as you can see in the illustration in the center of the page. You slip the guide along as you do row after row. When the work is done, you clip the loops and shear the top, if you desire the effect of deep pile. Many different effects may be obtained by the use of different yarns and by leaving the loops uncut, or by cutting and not shearing the loops. For example, the loops were cut, but sheared only slightly to give a realistically shaggy look to a Scotie which was used to decorate a pillow. He is the perfect canine pet to own, or to give to your friends, as he requires no food and makes no noise. He is made of knitting yarn.

The quaint rug at the bottom of the page is made of chenille yarn, and the loops are left uncut. Old silk hose, cut spirally in narrow strips, make attractive and practical rugs. If the loops are left uncut, the appearance is very similar to the rug shown here. There is no bother with a frame, the work goes quickly, and the effect is similar to that of hand hooked rugs. Wool yarn makes very beautiful rugs and very nice ones can be made of ordinary rag strips. Old silk dresses, too worn to serve longer as clothing, make admirable rugs. Old sweaters, even jute or gunny sacks, can be ravelled, dyed and used.

Brown Angora yarn on beige and brown jersey makes the smart Ascot tie shown above. You zigzag a single row across the ends of the tie, and clip and shear the loops. Sometimes, brushing helps to give a smooth, furry look.

Bits of brightly colored wool yarn—leftovers which may be found in the family

work bag—make attractive sports purses. By stitching the longer loops down flat, a very different and unusual effect may be obtained. The bag may be closed with a zipper. This would make a nice gift, especially if it is made up in colors which harmonize or contrast effectively with those in the wardrobe of the person to whom it is to be given.

Initials and insignia in silk, plain wool or Angora, may be applied to cushions, curtains, jersey blouses, scarfs, and any number of things, by this new and simple craft. How about using your troop emblem on cushions in your troop room? Or embroidering initials or monograms in silk or wool on blankets? Smaller initials look well on scarfs, bathrobes and bath towels. For bath towels it is advisable to use color fast cotton yarn. If you match the needle thread to the yarn, and use white thread in the bobbin, the stitching will be practically invisible.

Gay breakfast or luncheon sets can be made of checked or plaid ginghams and fringed with cotton yarn in harmonizing colors. One row of the craftwork is placed around the edges of the cloth and the napkins. The short loops are stitched down and the long ones clipped to form the fringe. These sets are acceptable gifts. Fringe for curtains, draperies, and pillows can be made in this manner. Raised pile embroidery which is so popular now for pillows and wall hangings can be made in a jiffy with the craft guide. A light weight, wool yarn gives the best effect.

Dress trimmings, too, are easy to make and are effectively used to brighten a last year's wool dress or to trim a new one. Angora yarn worked in single or multiple rows makes a striking trimming for dresses. You can make a dress trimming

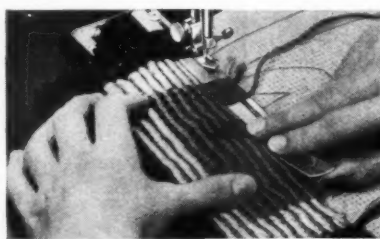
which looks very much like Astrakhan or Persian lamb by using a curly wool yarn—it is called loop yarn—and placing the rows very close together. The resemblance to these furs will be even more pronounced if you use fur colors—gray, black, and brown.

If you have small children on your Christmas list, no gift would be more appreciated than a delightfully soft and furry cat or dog or rabbit. These may be easily made by this new method. The various pieces are covered with wool or cotton yarn and then stitched together, leaving a small opening for stuffing. A small bag of sand or some other weight, placed in the base, will help to keep the toy upright. Details such as eyes, nose, mouth and whiskers are put in by hand.

NOTE: If you want to ask any questions about this craft, write to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y.



CHENILLE MAKES A GAY COLORED MAT



THIS SHOWS HOW TO START MAKING A RUG



YOUR comments on the October issue are just beginning to come in and your favorites seem to have been *The Laughing Princess* and *Scatter*. Lots of you have very nice things to say about the magazine in general. For instance, Elaine Harrison of Ronkonkoma, New York says that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is her favorite magazine, and in spite of the fact that she has taken six or seven others she always comes back to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. "I've taken it for two and a half years and expect to take it that long again," she writes.

DORCAS CAMERON of Southampton, New York says, "I have just finished reading the October number of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. It was wonderful, just as all the issues are. This month I am celebrating the first anniversary of my subscription to the magazine. It is a fine magazine for girls. Although every issue has been very good, I think that this October's is the best." Dorcas says she liked *Diana's Coffee*, especially. "I think that during the last year *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has had the best collection of cover designs of any magazine I know," Dorcas writes. "I am afraid this letter is very flattering, but I really think the magazine deserves it."

I HAVE had *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for five years and would hate to part with a single issue," writes Angeline Scheffel of Jackson, Michigan. "Everyone of the family reads it. I even found my big brother very slyly reading *Girl Wanted*."

THE article on horseback riding seems to have pleased a great many of you. Eunice W. Patterson of Hamilton, Rhode Island says, "I certainly enjoyed your article on horseback riding, and have read it over a number of times, although it arrived less than an hour ago."

PHYLLIS YOUNG and Dorothy Gardner of Waban, Massachusetts write us a joint letter, telling just what they like and do not like about the magazine. "We think that *Riding for Fun*, by Anna Coyle, is the very best article of that type that you have ever had, and we certainly wish that you would have more, either by her or like that one, anyway." These girls didn't care much for the sampler, though. Neither Phyllis nor Dorothy can imagine anyone wanting to stay indoors long enough to work on a sampler. But Ruth Dunlap of Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania writes, "I have been reading *Well, of All Things!* for nine months, and now I am so enthusiastic over the cover for the October magazine that I just have to say something about it. I think it's positively grand. When I just looked at it I thought

Well, of All Things!

what a dandy sampler it would make. I was so delighted with it that I was determined to write in and suggest it. I was certainly surprised when I opened my magazine to see my wonderful idea inside!"

NANCY E. BORDEN of Honolulu says she doesn't think Hazel Rawson Cades's articles get enough attention. She writes, "First, I think the magazine is *swell*. My favorite, regular department in the magazine is the articles on beauty. I think the way they are written is helpful and that the illustrations are cute."

SCATTER, as usual, pleased you. Ellen MacDaniel of Ithaca, New York says that *Scatter's Rest Cure* was her favorite story, and that she likes all the Scatter stories. Ellen says she liked the October issue just about as well as the August one, which was her favorite of the year. Ruth Morris of Central Valley, New York writes, "*Scatter's Rest Cure* is the best Scatter story we've had in a long time, I think." "In *THE AMERICAN GIRL* there is absolutely nothing that I enjoy as I do Scatter and her experiences," says Pauline Akers of Chicago. "*Scatter's Rest Cure* was the best ever. I laughed so much over it that the whole family became curious and I had to tell them about it."

LOTS of you are still writing in about *The Laughing Princess*. Mary Grant of Liberty, New York thinks that it is going to be even better than *Polly What's-Her-Name*, which was her favorite. Pauline Akers, Scatter's ardent admirer, says that *The Laughing Princess* is scoring a big hit with her. "It is very different from the usual run of stories," Pauline writes. "In my own mind I have a dozen different endings for that story, and I am anxious to see if it really turns out the way I think it will."

YOU don't agree very well about *Rita and the Bayberries*. Leah Parker of Burlington, Vermont says she liked both the story and the illustrations very much. Dorcas Cameron, who has been mentioned before on this page, says she did not care at all for *Rita and the Bayberries*, chiefly because

she didn't like Rita. Ruth Morris, who wrote about Scatter, liked *Rita and the Bayberries* pretty well. "It was simply the old theme of a girl who has her own way until she is spoiled, but finally makes herself over so that everyone likes her," she writes.

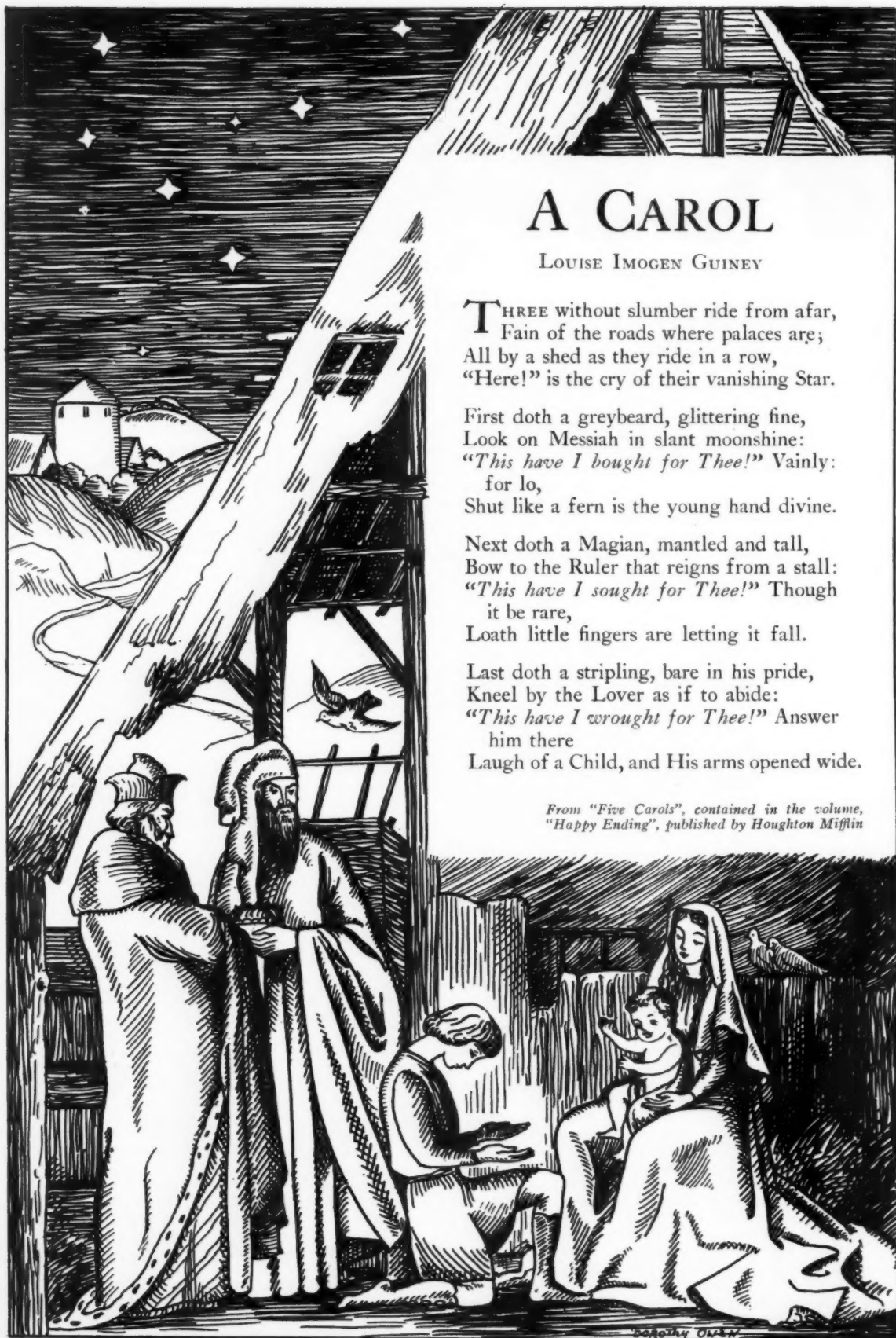
LOUISE PFAUTZ of Montevallo, Alabama writes, "The October issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* was so good that I just had to write and tell you how much I enjoyed it. I liked *Rita and the Bayberries*. It was grand. It made me wish we had a Girl Scout group here in Montevallo." Melva Wafel of Syracuse, New York liked *Rita and the Bayberries* very much, especially the illustrations. She wants to hear more about Rita. Scatter is Melva's favorite, though. She writes, "Hurray for Scatter! Of course, she got things wrong, but really one couldn't blame her much. She can't help her red hair. The illustrations were perfect, as usual. Leslie Warren and Helen Hokinson make a perfect pair. The cover was lovely. The girl looked so interested and so real, sewing on the Girl Scout sampler."

FROM Glendale, California Marjorie Lowe tells us that she would not "trade" *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for any magazine at all. She liked *Engine-Divil* ever so much, thought *The Painted Room* "very good" and *The Laughing Princess* "simply grand." It is delightful to hear such hearty compliments. We shall keep on trying to merit them by having more and, if possible, even better stories.

JULIA WEAVER of Shenandoah, Iowa liked the November cover and wants more of Jean Calhoun's. Julia liked everything about *Jo Ann's Bandit*, that "it was a surprise to the very end" and that Garrett Price illustrated it so entertainingly.

WHILE from Hays, Kansas Zelina Jane Felton who has never written us before breaks her silence by saying some pleasant things about Virginia Kirkus's *Is It Interesting?* Zelina has read several of the books recommended. She says she sincerely hopes Miss Kirkus "will give more books the acid test."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Please write and let us know how you like this issue. Be sure to tell us *why* you like and do not like certain stories and articles. You will all be glad to see Ellen of *Ellen Sights Gibbs Light* back again. Let us know how you like her in *Phantom on the Ice*. Did you like *Judie in George Was Wonderful*? Did you think she was foolish to stay on the ranch for Christmas? Write and tell us all these things.



A CAROL

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

THREE without slumber ride from afar,
Fain of the roads where palaces are;
All by a shed as they ride in a row,
"Here!" is the cry of their vanishing Star.

First doth a greybeard, glittering fine,
Look on Messiah in slant moonshine:
"This have I bought for Thee!" Vainly:
for lo,
Shut like a fern is the young hand divine.

Next doth a Magian, mantled and tall,
Bow to the Ruler that reigns from a stall:
"This have I sought for Thee!" Though
it be rare,
Loath little fingers are letting it fall.

Last doth a stripling, bare in his pride,
Kneel by the Lover as if to abide:
"This have I wrought for Thee!" Answer
him there
Laugh of a Child, and His arms opened wide.

*From "Five Carols", contained in the volume,
"Happy Ending", published by Houghton Mifflin*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

DECEMBER • 1932

George Was Wonderful

By ALICE DYAR RUSSELL

A BLEAK wind, knife-edged with cold, stinging with sand, whipped Judie's coat and nipped her cheeks as she waited for the school bus on the desert highway. Gray—gray and bare and frozen was the prospect all around her. December is the dreariest time of year in that high valley of the Mojave where Judie lived. Nature knows no relenting then; she wears her grimmest face; the hand she presses down is iron. Only the hardest can endure.

It was in the early spring, when wild flowers made a garden of the desert, that Judie had traveled from the East and joined her father. Easy then to be gay and courageous! She thought it thrilling to homestead on a dry claim. She held out her hands to adventure and laughed at hardship. She had not yet faced a winter in a flimsy-walled shack where bathrooms were a mere fond memory, water was only a trifle less precious than gold, and one did not know how it felt to be really warm.

The mountains circled them with an icy wall. The wind blew unendingly, night and day. It shrieked and tore over the barren wastes. Sometimes it bore pellets of snow, and always sand. Sand—it sifted under the doors; it lay along the window sills; it penetrated their beds; Judie had it in her clothes, her hair, her teeth. She couldn't get away from it.

Town, the port of call for supplies and the seat of the Union High School, was twenty miles away. The school bus passed at half past seven in the morning, and Judie had a mile to walk to meet it.

She was early this morning. Something had winged her feet. Her teeth chattered, her hands were numb, her nose felt frozen, but her heart was warm. Against it, like a talisman, she wore a letter from Aunt Anna. With that to fortify her, she did not mind the piercing, gritty wind. Her eyes roved over the drab-colored plain and the snow-covered



Illustrations by
Harve Stein

JUDIE PUT HER HEAD ON THE TABLE AND BURST INTO TEARS

mountain with disdain and exultance. She would be saying goodbye to them soon.

"Darling Judie," the letter began. "You can't think how homesick we are for sight of you! It seems to everyone of us that we simply cannot celebrate Christmas without you. Who but Judie can lead the Christmas carols—who but Judie has a fine hand with decorations and tree? After much pondering of ways and means, digging up savings here and earning a bit extra there, the Willets family has pooled its resources and—presto!—a round trip ticket to Iowa!

"We enclose our check—I say 'our' most truthfully—even little Charles had a share in it. He wiped dishes for me, he helped Todd sell papers. Now, my dear, this money is yours, to do with as you like. It is our Christmas present to you. But that it will bring you to us is our earnest prayer and hope. The house sings with happiness at the thought.

"Always your affectionate
"Aunt Anna, and Todd and
Mary and Helen and John
and Charles."

The darling cousins! To think of seeing them all again so soon! She had talked the matter over with her father who was deeply desirous that motherless Judie should not miss any loving kindness. It was all arranged—Judie's heart did a wild dance at the thought—she was to go! She really

was to go! Only four days more and she would be on the train. Her keen imagination saw the landscape pass by.

Above the whistle of the wind Judie heard suddenly a loud, steady droning roar, and looking up she saw an airplane flying low. That must be Hank Finney, a pilot friend of George. Mail planes flew regularly over the valley in taking the eastern route. An emergency landing field was near their homestead, and Judie loved to watch at night the long, slow sweeps of the great flashing beacons.

When the big green bus at last rumbled to a stop and Judie entered, she saw that the boys and girls all looked as blue and pinched as she herself felt. And there were not

many who were so warmly clothed. The scattered community in the valley was for the most part made up of poor homesteaders. A small local school took care of the younger children. Their teacher was a young girl not long out of college. She boarded at the home of George Harmon, whose father was the prosperous owner of a large alfalfa ranch. Overgrown, red-faced George, with his loud, teasing laugh and irritating, clumsy ways, had been in Judie's first weeks of school an object of concentrated aversion. However, in due time she discovered that under his uncouth exterior George had a large, kind, dependable heart, as soft as putty when anyone was in distress. He came out strong in emergencies, in almost any tight place.

As Judie lurched down the aisle of the moving bus, George beckoned her to a seat beside his, expressing by a violent contortion of the face that he had something of secret importance to impart.

"After Latin," he buzzed hoarsely into her ear. "Where nobody can hear us. Down by the cloak room."

When Judie approached him in the empty corridor, he beamed like the summer sun. He had, indeed, failed dismally in his Latin recitation, but a little thing like that could not dampen George's spirits.

"Remember what you said to me about Christmas the other day?" he began in a deep low voice, looking over his shoulder as if he feared this innocuous remark might be overheard and lead to some dark consequence.

"Yes," answered Judie, reluctantly. She had a strange, premonitory feeling that this conversation was going to make her feel uncomfortable. She wished suddenly that she had never broached the subject of Christmas to George. She had committed this indiscretion before the receipt of Aunt Anna's letter. George was so apt to plunge headlong into a project regardless of what happened to the innocent bystander, regardless of anything.

"You asked me if the Valley had ever had a Christmas celebration," George proceeded, "and I said no, that folks out there were too hard up and too dumb anyway, and that the school teacher usually beat it for the city the minute the school door closed!"

"Well, that ends it, doesn't it?" Judie said, longing to break away.

"Not by a jugful!" George closed one beaming eye and winked portentously. "Not while your Uncle George owns a trusty right fist! Listen. You're going to hear something good. Me—I thought of it!" He thumped his healthy chest. Then casting another look about for those possible evil eavesdroppers, he bent over Judie and said in a sepulchral whisper, "Let's you and I get up a Christmas for 'em, hey?"

"But—but, George," cried Judie in affright, "I—I—but—I—" Her tongue positively refused further action. Little did it matter to George. All he craved at this moment was an audience.

"It came to me like that!" He inscribed a swift circle in the air. "And I lay awake all night thinking about it—practically all night," he hastened to add in the interests of truth. "You made me see what a tough deal those kids get. No Sunday School—no tree—no presents—no Santa Claus—bet you some of 'em don't even know what Santa's for! Now we are going to change all that—you and me, Judie. You listen to your Uncle George! We'll use the schoolhouse and we'll put on an entertainment that'll knock their eyes out!"

"The school teacher—Miss Lowe?" Judie suggested faintly.

"Miss Lowe, huh!" George snapped his fingers to indicate what could be expected from Miss Lowe. "She's going to get out—told me so. I went to her first—thought it'd look better, see? But she won't have anything to do with it—she's got to be in the city to tie up things in tissue paper for her friends! Our valley is a very crude place and if she

couldn't get away from us once in a while, her tender sensibilities would cause her to go into a fit. Can you beat it, Judie? Here she has a chance to do something keen, something those poor little desert rats wouldn't forget, and she goes off to eat her turkey and plum pudding where they have steam heat!"

Judie's cheeks were burning. "George," she protested, "we could never handle such an affair by ourselves. Just consider the expense!"

"Who said we'd do it all on our own? We'll furnish the brains, see? All the high school kids will want to be in on it. It'll be for their little brothers and sisters. They'll know what each of 'em wants. It's my idea, we ought to give



presents, and have a tree and music, and a regular feed. Fill 'em up for once! Pa'll donate the turkeys; I asked him."

"George, I think you're wonderful!" said Judie solemnly. George radiated. He could absorb feminine praise like a sponge.

"Oh, I'm not so much!" he avowed with prideful modesty. "I get the little old bean to working—that's all. And I'm saving the best for the last. Judie, you couldn't guess in a coon's age what I've thought of doing!"

His eyes peering into hers seemed to Judie like monstrous moons. She forced her stiff tongue to its duty. "George, I ought to tell you, before you go any farther, that—well—that—I—I—" How did one form the simple words, "I shan't be here!"

A gong rang in warning. Five minutes before geometry—five minutes left to them.

"I'm going to tell you because you're a real pal." George bent closer, clutching her shoulder. "We'll keep it mum

until the finish. Judie, what do you think of this?" He whispered rapidly. The glory of one who has created a true masterpiece shone around him. This was not the George who had failed in Latin and who would doubtless also fail in geometry—it was a transfigured George in the grip of a great idea.

Something of his own radiance descended on Judie as she listened. "W—why—why" she gasped. "How—how

go East for the vacation. I am sure it will not matter to your entertainment. I think your plans are just fine. You really are wonderful, George."

That would make everything all right. However, in the evening suddenly Judie alarmed her father by putting her head down on the supper table, right beside the dish of beans, and bursting into tears. He stared at her, wondering.

"Oh, Father," she gulped.

"Oh, Father—the little Sorenson who brought the milk—did you hear what she said when I asked her if she was going to hang up her stocking this year?"

"No. What?" her father asked, one hand on her shaking shoulders.

"She said—" Judie gasped, "she said 'what for?' She hardly knows a thing about Christmas! There are

seven in that family. Oh, Father, did you know there were children like that right near us?"

His brows drew together. "She's not very bright, but, of course, the Sorensens are wretchedly poor. All the valley children are not in such a plight, however, I feel sure."

"They have so little even the best of them. George has told me—and the school teacher laughs! She thinks it funny, the way they get on. Why, George has a mil-

lion times more heart than she has. Let me tell you what George has been planning!" She poured it all out—all except the secret project that she was in honor bound to tell no one.

"It sounds fine! And Judie darling, don't worry. I'll help George. We'll put it over without you. The valley children shall have the time of their lives."

Judie mopped her tears and tried to smile. "What a comfort you are, Father!" But strangely, she did not feel the relief she expected. Strangely, her heart sank lower still.

She took pencil and paper to write the note to George. She knew exactly what to say, but she could not say it. At last the truth dawned.

"I'm a selfish thing!" she burst out. "A greedy, horrid, selfish thing! I simply can't bear to be left out! Father, you're not going to have all the fun! I just won't go off and leave it to you and George!"

It was, after all, to Aunt Anna that she wrote:

Dearest and Best: I want to tell you what your money will do—I want to tell you—

And so Christmas came to the valley. It came on the night of the clearest, quietest cold, when the blue black of the heavens was pierced by the bright glory of myriads of stars. Around the little frame schoolhouse, so bare and solitary in the wide emptiness of the desert, (Continued on page 43)



"TAKE IT," SANTA ORDERED, "IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!" HIS EYES SNAPPED STERNLY

simply marvelous! Who ever heard of such a thing! Could we? Are you sure? I don't see how we'd ever manage it."

"You bet!" The bell rang again. He grimaced, picked up a fallen book. "Keep it under your hat!" he admonished her, and loped off.

"George, George!" she pursued him with a desperate determination. "I ought to tell you—I—"

He tossed his long-suffering Caesar into the air. "Won't it knock their eyes out?" he shouted, and disappeared.

Judie went through all the duties of the day soberly. For the greater part of the time, her hand was pressed disconsolately against the region of Aunt Anna's letter. Over and over she repeated its words to herself, but they were words—words only. They had lost their warmth, their power. She told herself sensibly, firmly, that George did not really need her, he merely thought he did. She would suggest other helpers, urge him on, of course, and show a proper interest in his plans. She might even spare a contribution out of her Christmas money. What George planned was bound to be frightfully expensive.

She began to frame the words of a note she would write that evening to be given him in the bus the next morning. It would be easier to write than to say. Whatever else might be said of George, he was certainly not a good listener.

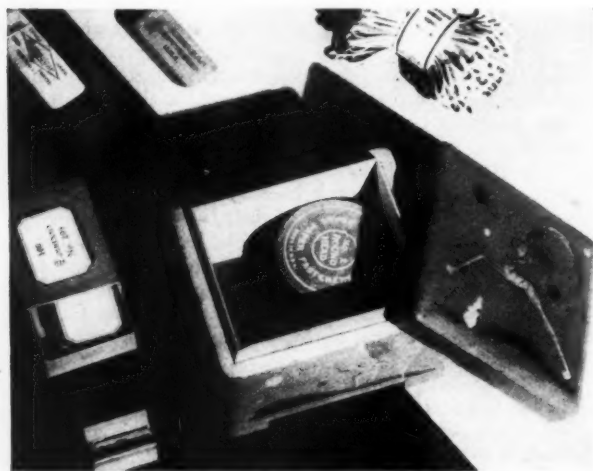
"Dear George," she would write, "I'm awfully sorry, but I shan't be here for Christmas. My aunt in Iowa sent me money to

Christmas Gifts for the Family

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

I WONDER if there is any girl in the world who doesn't want to be rich at Christmas time? All the rest of the year we may wish we had this or that for ourselves—a lovely new evening dress, or a warm sweater, or a camera or riding lessons. But at Christmas we long for untold wealth to buy lovely things for other people. There is that beautiful painted tray at the antique shop that mother wants so much; and the fur-lined driving gloves that father would like; and the doll carriage that little sister gazes at longingly in the toy shop window; and the electric train that brother just knows he can't live without. Any one of them costs a small fortune when the money has to be saved up from an allowance. It would be such fun to go out and buy them all without considering money, wouldn't it?

That's what we think at first. But only at first. After all, it takes nothing *but* money to do that. How much more fun to put brains and ingenuity and originality and all those other big words into a gift that shows our own careful thought and clever handiwork. As for you as a special person, I ven-



BROTHER WILL APPRECIATE A BRIGHT COLORED BOX OF DESK SUPPLIES

ture to say that everyone of your family and friends would rather have an inexpensive remembrance into which you have put a lot of special planning, and a good bit of yourself, than all the costly gifts in the world.

Here are a few suggestions for sets of things which you may select at the five-and-ten cent store, and combine into most practical and attractive gifts for any member of the

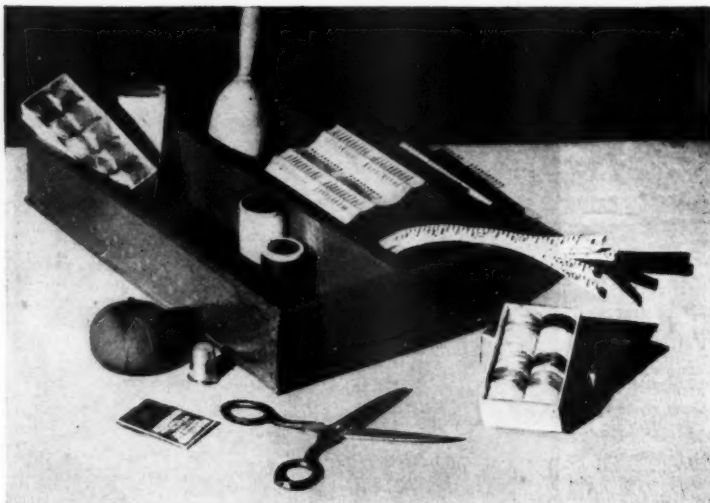


family. If you start with some sort of interesting container, which you have made yourself, such as a box or a bag, and fill it with a useful set of articles, carefully selected to fit the container, you'll be surprised at what an absorbing job it is. Or you may want to select the articles first and make a container to fit them. It works either way.

Consider a sewing box for mother, for instance. Perhaps she likes to carry her work to the porch or out under the trees, but has no convenient way of doing it. At the five-and-ten cent store or at a hardware store you may find a knife box—an open box with two compartments, and a little handle in the middle. If you are very clever, you can make one yourself, after seeing what one looks like. Paint the box with a bright, quick-drying paint. It will probably need two coats to make it smooth. The box shown in the picture was painted Chinese vermilion, and decorated with little scallops and polka dots of gold paint.

When your box is painted, be sure that it is thoroughly dry before adding the decoration; and plan your design carefully, drawing it on the box first, if you are afraid to trust your eye. A wreath of flowers or a procession of quaint animals would be jolly. Make your own design if you can. If this is too difficult, you might adapt an idea from a book or a magazine; then experiment a little on a piece of painted board until you get something you really like. Next take your finished box to the five-and-ten cent store, and select for it things that mother would like for her work basket. There are fascinating little boxes of darning cotton to match any kind of stocking. There are boxes of tiny spools of silk thread in all colors. These boxes may be covered with a bright paper, so that the advertising will not show. There are darning eggs, and snaps, and buttons, and papers of pins and needles. The chances are that mother will prefer her own scissors and thimble, but if you are feeling very extravagant you may add spools of basting thread, a roll of white tape, a bodkin. Or, if you are feeling very poor, she will be equally pleased with the box which you yourself have made, with its two or three sewing articles to suggest its use.

Father is harder to plan for, but he would like either a shoe polishing set or a desk box. For the shoe polishing set, start with a cigar box, which you may beg from your friend at the corner drugstore, or a box about the same size which can sometimes be bought for very little. If you possibly can, get one of those cigar boxes with a box top and a little latch, such as the most expensive cigars come in. Paint it in gay enamel, and add some sort of decoration, a painting or a picture. The one shown in the illustration was made



AT THE TOP OF THE OPPOSITE PAGE IS FATHER'S GIFT, A SHOE SHINING KIT, AND ON THIS PAGE IS A WORK BOX THAT MOTHER WILL FIND BOTH ATTRACTIVE AND PRACTICAL

for a man who loves dogs, so the box—painted bright blue outside and red inside—was decorated with red Scotties and Christmas trees cut from a Christmas wrapping paper. These were glued on, and the whole box shellacked with white shellac afterwards. The shellac gives a lovely mellow color to the box, and makes it much more durable and easier to keep clean.

When your box is finished, carry it to the five-and-ten cent store, choose a small brush for applying the shoe polish, a big brush for the polishing, a soft cloth for the final shine, and a box of black or brown polish, or both. See that you choose articles that will fit together nicely in the box. When you are home again, paint the wooden part of the brushes to match your box, and add some of the decoration. If your father prefers horses or boats or golf, to dogs, find a horse picture or draw a boat or a bag of golf clubs and paint it. Try to make it fit his especial hobby, as this will give a personal touch to the gift. Such a present costs no more than fifty cents and will be useful every day of the whole year.

The desk set would be just as welcome to any other member of the family as to father. Mother would find it most useful, or big brother. Choose either a wooden cigarette box or a card index box and paint it. The one shown was painted red, and decorated with a blue deer, green grass, and yellow dots, in a modernistic design. It was made by an eleven-year-old girl. She filled it with a small box of paper clips, a box of gummed tags, some colored elastics, a pencil and ink eraser, and some thumb tacks, all convenient things to have at hand. I wish I might have it this minute. A larger box might be planned for first aid in doing up packages: balls of fine and heavy string, gummed tags and string tags, a small pair of scissors, and a stick of sealing wax. A sick-a-bed child would love a similar box, filled with a bottle of glue, a tube of library paste, scissors, small pads of colored paper, for cutting out and pasting; toothpicks and small corks for making funny figures, with the corners filled up with absurd little surprises. There are any number of possibilities in this sort of gift.

A present that will appeal to the feminine heart is a little waterproof silk bag, of flowered or plaid design, made like an envelope, and filled with all kinds of tiny bottles and tubes for the toilet. In this case it is better to choose the articles first, and make the bag to fit them. The envelope shown is made of a checked silk, in waterproof cloth. It is so planned that it may be hung up, for convenient use, by the same loop with which it buttons up like

an envelope. The lower fold of the envelope is separately bound with bias tape at the bottom edges, and then stitched into little compartments to hold the four or five tiny tubes and bottles of cold cream, tooth paste, hand lotion, perfume and what-not, that you wish to include. For the traveler, for occasional week-ends, for the girl who is going away to school, or even for home consumption, this makes a welcome gift, and one which may be easily replenished.

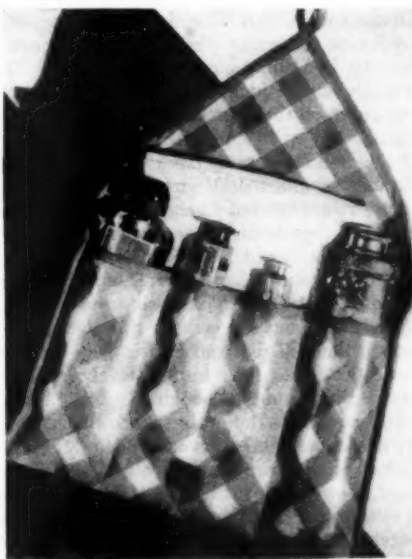
A laundry set makes a most acceptable gift for Aunt Susie, or big sister, or your best friend. A pair of glove stretchers such as you may find at the five-and-ten cent store, a dozen wooden pinch clothespins with a length of heavy cord for hanging up stockings in the bathroom, and a cake or two of pure washing soap, all packed in a shoe box covered with gay oilcloth, will make the recipient the envy of all beholders.

By the time that you have experimented with two or three of the sets already suggested, you will be so full of other ideas that you can hardly wait to work them out. A picnic bag stocked with paper napkins, paper cups, wooden spoons, a can opener, a bottle opener; a handy box with a supply of tacks, mixed nails, a small hammer, a small screw driver, and a pair of pincers; a garden set, with a trowel, a digging fork, a bulb planter, a pair of cotton or rubber gloves, and a rolled-up rubber stair tread to kneel on, all tucked into a small, handy basket which you may paint a gay color.

These are only a few of the many ideas that will pop into your head once you get started. You will find that your life as a collector has just begun, and you will lie awake nights combining in your mind all kinds of practical and attractive things to fit the hobbies of your various friends. It is not the mere buying of the gift that counts. It is the bit of

yourself which you put into the selection of the articles, and the making and decorating of the container, that makes it a really personal gift, full of the spirit of Christmas.

But before leaving may I speak one word more for the faithful needle, thread, shears, paint-box, and paste? They stand by when it seems an allowance cannot go much farther—remember then your family prefers that which you have made to something bought—no matter how well chosen.



GAY OILCLOTH MAKES SISTER'S TOILET CASE

Phantom on the Ice

THIS PLACE is going to give me the creeps," muttered Ellen. And she shivered, but not from the Vermont cold—from something else quite different.

"A big log cabin like this gives you the creeps! Shame on you, Ellen Wakefield!" Roger Harrison, taller than ever in his heavy sheepskin coat, looked at her with quizzical eyes. "Can this be the same girl who sailed through a hurricane and never batted an eye?"

As she pulled off a green beret that freed a curly blond bob, blue-eyed Ellen faced the older man. "We're not out on the Atlantic Ocean now, Roge. We're isolated in the mountains, and it gives me a funny feeling in my stomach—if you must have the truth. Light a fire, won't you?"

Six girls scattered themselves around the great open fireplace. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, at home in this winter skating lodge, quickly made them comfortable with a roaring wood blaze. And Ellen, living up to her nickname of Eagle Eye, swept the huge living room with a searching glance. The log cabin appeared to be all Roger and Mrs. Harrison had predicted. Hewn from enormous native timbers, it was spacious and—to Ellen who still shivered in spite of the fire—cold.

"The Lodge is completely ours for the next seven days," black-haired Mrs. Harrison was saying. "No one to tell us yes or no. We skate, we eat, we sleep—when and how we please. Does that suit everybody?"

A medley of shouts showed that it did.

"Then how's for a whirl on the river, Roge? To try out this ice you've boasted so much about?" Ellen was putting on her green beret and picking up her skates.

"Still got those creeps?" gibed the tall man.

Ellen, trying to laugh off her feeling, nodded. "That's why I'd like to get outdoors and see the neighborhood before dark."

For the whole of Christmas week, Ellen Wakefield, Hedda Vaughn and four other junior and senior class girls from Milbrook High School were to do nothing but practice skating. Roger Harrison had suggested the idea during the fall, after a casual conversation disclosed the fact that Ellen was something of a speed skater.

"You ought to spend the holidays up at Jabez Binney Lodge. Now that your father's bought that Vermont farm, you're eligible for our winter races. We have great fun."

From time to time the Harrisons had gone into detail. "Jabez Binney was one of those hardy old New Englanders you read about. Held a hatful of skating records up on Four Mile Creek so-called, and died in 1831 while crossing the finish line in a ding-dong race. Nobody's ever been able to beat his course time for two miles." This from Roger.

"And local people along the Creek have built a lovely skating lodge, named after Old Jabe and big enough to sleep a dozen," Mrs. Harrison had added. "Why not get a crowd to go up with you and try the ice out Christmas week? You might like the place enough to go back for Carnival Week—between semesters at school."

Ellen, talking the idea over with Hedda Vaughn, pointed out the possibilities of a week's concentrated skating practice.

Hedda Vaughn's obvious delight at the plan was contagious. "Of course, I'll go," she declared eagerly. "With seven



SHE BECAME CONSCIOUS OF SOME OTHER THING ON THE ICE. FEARING TO TURN COMPLETELY SHE THREW BACK A QUICK GLANCE

By CHARLES G. MULLER

Illustrations by Revere F. Wistebuff

days of good Vermont ice, you and I could beat anyone in this neck of the woods. We'd do a mile in nothing flat."

Ellen, after a visit to the attic to inspect with fond eyes the carefully vaselined, long tubular racing blades she had stored so tenderly after the previous winter's contests, agreed with Hedda. A solid week of practice in Vermont would indeed give the entire Milbrook skating team an edge on all local competitors—too good a chance to miss.

The skating party passed Dr. Tom Holman's Colonial farmhouse the afternoon after Christmas, en route from the railroad station to Binney Lodge. Roger Harrison waved to the stocky man just going inside the frame homestead.

"Hey, Tom, this bevy of city beauties is up here to beat old Jabe Binney's time on the Creek," the automobile's tall driver yelled. "You'll be seeing them down here frequently. They are good skaters, too."

Dr. Holman, smiling jovially, waved back. "Better drop down yourself this evening, Roge, and tell me all about it." The physician's husky police dog, with loud and insistent barks, seconded the invitation.

"Okey. I'll be along right after supper," Roger Harrison flung back as the automobile went on. Then, to the girls, "The Holman family's lived there by the Creek since 1790. Their house was the old two-mile finish mark. Tom's full of his grandfather's stories about Jabe Binney's stunts on the ice. I'll have the doctor up to the cabin one of these nights to entertain you." For three winding miles to the Lodge, Roger Harrison kept up a running fire of anecdotes.

Ellen Wakefield did not listen attentively. Something in the wooded country, through which the big sedan wove, filled her with unrest. The cold of winter's dusk bit sharply



through outer flannel and fleece to the girl's very marrow. And she could not explain, even to herself, why the great, leafless trees seemed to throw such eerie shadows over the rutted dirt road. In spite of Roger Harrison's continuous tales, Ellen remained vaguely uncomfortable. The utter loneliness of the hills was disquieting. The atmosphere itself was shadowy, out of focus, tinged with imperceptible mystery. Almost a strange light hung over everything.

But it was not until after supper—when candles on the walls and dancing flames in the stone fireplace threw queer shadows on the broad board oak floor of the living room—that Ellen spotted the picture of Jabez Binney.

In a corner near the outer door, it had been unobserved by anyone else. The others, exhausted from an hour's hectic sprinting over the firm, smooth ice of Four Mile Creek, had been content to prepare a sketchy meal in the Lodge's compact little kitchen. Then they had planted themselves comfortably in front of the warm open fire.

Ellen, still depressed by that sense of foreboding that had gripped her ever since she left the train, prowled around the Lodge. From her tiny green-tinted bedroom with its old-fashioned second floor dormer window, she explored the upper portion of the huge cabin. Wandering aimlessly around the main floor, she came upon the photograph in its plain maple frame. In a moment her whole body stiffened. She stared wide-eyed.

Roger Harrison, dressed for his visit to Dr. Holman's, slid up to her. Ellen, not trusting her voice, pointed.

"It's dated February 1931," she finally whispered hoarsely. "A banquet given by the Jabez Binney Skating Club. And—and it says that—" Ellen's voice held a touch of suppress-

ed hysteria entirely foreign to this ordinarily nerveless girl. "It says that 'Jabe, from his seat in the corner of the room, enjoyed the affair as much as the ten prize winners.' But—but how could he have been there if he—died in 1831—"

Roger Harrison's face seemed to Ellen to grow pale. She sensed that he was trying to drag her away from the picture. Then she heard Mrs. Harrison's vibrant voice.

"Don't you come back a minute later than ten-thirty, Roger. I won't have you leaving us alone all night while you gab with Tom Holman. There's no phone here, and with you and the car three miles away we'd be in a fine fix in case of trouble!"

Roger Harrison's jocular tones apparently were meant to be reassuring. "It's only two miles via the Creek, my dear. But I'll be back by ten-thirty without fail. Goodbye, everybody." The tall man waved quickly to the group and, avoiding Ellen's eyes, went out the door.

With an ever growing apprehensiveness clutching her stomach, the girl dropped into a seat near the fireplace. She glanced furtively over toward the picture of last year's banquet, "Jabe, from his seat in the corner of the room, enjoyed the affair as much as—" Ellen's face was white. And her heart beat a thumping tattoo. For in the photograph Jabez Binney's smiling face was ruddy, the very picture of outdoor health. And on his feet were queer, long-bladed skates. But old Jabe had been lying in his grave a hundred years!

Ellen surreptitiously surveyed the other occupants of the quiet room. Had they felt what she had discovered? Hedda, her lithe body stretched out before the flames in the big stone hearth, was calmly reading a book. Mrs. Harrison, dark-haired and poised, was laughing and talking with several of

the girls. No one, apparently, had even noticed the photograph. No one else was alive to anything out of the ordinary. But why not? Surely Mrs. Harrison, of all people, must be aware!

Slowly the flames of the fire died. And as they dropped, Ellen determined to face Mrs. Harrison with a direct question. She tried to catch the older woman's eye but she, like her husband, seemed to avoid Ellen's gaze. Then Hedda Vaughn, groping for another log to put on the fire, found the supply exhausted.

Ellen jumped up. "I'll get some more," she said quickly to hide her emotions. "Where are they?"

"In the cellar," said Mrs. Harrison. "You'll have to take a candle down from the wall, Ellen. It's at times like these that we all curse the architect who was too esthetic to put any electricity in the Lodge."

Down creaky wooden steps to the basement, Ellen lighted her own way. The candle in her hand did not exactly tremble. But the flame quivered, perhaps from some slight draft. Ellen Wakefield, peering about the cement-lined cellar, found the wood pile. Row after row of neatly sawed logs rose nearly to the ceiling, next to a narrow, upright packing case that looked like a queer-shaped jelly and preserve pantry. What could it be?

Placing the candle on the floor in front of the mysterious cabinet, Ellen casually noted that the big box was closed. But the lock was under the hasp instead of over—as if someone, snapping the lock hurriedly, had gone off thinking the box was securely fastened. Reaching up in the gloom, Ellen's hand slipped.

A white birch log rolled to the floor. A dozen other logs, of a sudden freed, tumbled after. The birch stick hit the edge of the cabinet, and its door swung slowly open. Ellen, her blue eyes seeking out the box's interior, nearly screamed. For inside the big case sat a smiling man, on his feet long-bladed, old-fashioned ice runners—the ruddy-cheeked old skater of the photograph upstairs. It was Jabez Binney! And Old Jabe, to the girl who stood before him, seemed about to speak!

The door, swinging wider, knocked Ellen's sputtering candle to the floor. The light went abruptly out. The cellar plunged into inky blackness. And from upstairs emanated a shriek that curdled the girl's blood. Sounds of wildly running feet, shrill cries of agony, a noise of panic floated weirdly down the basement stairs—a spine-pricking, hair-raising noise.

Ellen, struck motionless by stark terror, stood cemented before the man who had died a century ago! Then, with a scream that reverberated through the Stygian dark, the ter-

rified girl flew up the cellar steps. She ran swiftly, but mechanically, scarcely conscious of the motion of her legs.

Near the living-room that led to the cabin's upper story, huddled a half dozen forms. In the ghastly circle of faces as blanched as Ellen's, lay Mrs. Harrison—unconscious and with blood running from a long cut over her right cheek. Curled grotesquely under her—obviously broken—was her right arm.

Hedda Vaughn, voice trembling, was calling to Ellen. "Phone the doctor, quick! Information will give you his number and—"

"There is no 'phone. What happened?" Ellen was trying to control her own fright.

"Then go to the doctor's house. But hurry, hurry!"

"Without a car? Three miles?"

Hedda was determined. "You can run that far."

"Won't you tell me what happened?" Ellen, under stress of the new calamity, was regaining some small hold on the emotions that had got so far out of control in front of that cabinet in the cellar.

"She went upstairs for a moment, and fell as she started down," Hedda explained. Then: "You could skate down the Creek, Ellen. The doctor's place is right on it. You wouldn't miss either your way or the house." Hedda's voice was firmer now. "I'll stay here and do what I can."

Trying to think only of her hostess who lay so still and quiet on the floor, her face stained crimson, Ellen tugged on her fleece-lined coat. Talking wildly, she fought to put down the vision of Jabez Binney. "Heat some water, the rest of you. Put Mrs. Harrison on a divan. Be careful with her arm! Oh, *where* are my skates! Where are my skates! I'm off!"

Then she was running down the cabin path to the Creek.

The frozen stream was a white highway curving toward the moon. Hatless, Ellen sat on the bank and pulled blindly at shoe laces with fingers that did not feel the bitter cold. Her brain was teeming. Her heart was pounding. And the blood rushed through her body like a mountain stream swollen to a spring deluge.

Ellen could not subdue the vision of that smiling figure in the Lodge's basement. Hand on chair arm, cheeks aglow as if enjoying a moment's pause before setting out on another race—there sat Jabez Binney. Jabez Binney, the fastest skater in New England—a hundred years ago! He had been about to speak. What was he doing in the cellar? How *could* he possibly be there!

Ellen Wakefield was, as Roger Harrison had said, a girl who had dared many things without a tremor. But now she was completely unnerved. And when she got to her feet, to strike out over the ice, her legs wobbled at the knees.

Down the Creek, toward Dr. Holman's house, she pointed. Ahead the moon shone, bright and big. And for the light it shed, Ellen gave thanks. Without it, she might never have had the courage to plunge into the mountain dark.

For the first few minutes the girl skated with a breathless speed that took the edge off her terror. Gradually, she swung into a more even pace. The night

wind blew her bobbed hair straight out as her legs, in their whipcord riding breeches, put yard after yard of ice quickly behind. In front the glittering roadway vanished in a long grove of trees, an alley of blackness that the moon could not brighten. As she neared this dark area Ellen increased

A Contest Poem

EULA GOULD

GOD, I would pray that I may always keep
The joy of common things that thrills me now—
A rain-drenched robin, singing on his bough,
The shy small thoughts I think before I sleep,
Warm cookies, and a brimming cup of milk,
The scent of lavender and apple bloom,
The fresh cool order of a new-cleaned room,
And pussy willows, shiny-soft as silk,
The firelight gleaming on my copper bowl,
The smooth worn leathers of my books to touch.
May Fame or Fortune never count so much
That these lose power to satisfy my soul.

her speed. Then suddenly, out of the corner of her eye she became conscious of some other thing on the ice. It was approaching from the rear. Again the girl's heart, which at last had taken up a regular beat, once more raced madly. Fearing to turn completely, Ellen threw back a quick glance. Skating about twenty yards behind her was—old Jabez Binney!

Ellen could not see his face clearly. She only glimpsed a silhouette of long legs that struck out over the ice on queer, old-fashioned long runners. A black hat was on the man's head, and he moved with astounding speed. This was the two-mile course he knew so well and had skated so often. And Ellen, remembering Roger Harrison's story of how the old man had died in his last race just as he crossed the finish line at Doctor Holman's homestead, spurted with the frantic wings of a surging, raging fear.

Into the dark alley caused by woods that shadowed the Creek, the terrified girl tore. And in the midst of this blackness, the scrape of long steel blades as they dug into the ice rang loud in her ears. But she could not tell if she was gaining. She only knew that she dare not let her rival catch up. She must skate as she never had skated in her life.

Out of the shaded lane she raced, with no sign of the man behind. She had outdistanced him! Then, just as she was about to turn her head full to the front again, the sinister figure came flying out of the darkness. She saw him.

Ellen had skated many a one-mile race at high school. But never had she dreamed that two miles could stretch so endlessly. And never had she known that within her lay such speed for so long a course. Up from reserve depths flowed strength that sent her forward like a steam driven machine. On, on, she flew.

Yard after yard, around bend after bend, through dark lane after lane, and along straight moonlit sections of Four Mile Creek's icy path she swept. With every yard her terror grew. Of only one thing was she sure—that she still was out of Jabez Binney's reach.

For a time she seemed to gain a few feet. Then a hasty backward flung glimpse showed she had lost distance to the figure that swept after her, head down and long legs winging with the power and rhythm of long experience. Ellen, driving herself almost straight toward the protecting light of the moon, prayed that strength would last her to Dr. Holman's house. She had to reach the doctor's before—before *he* caught up. She must deliver the news of Mrs. Harrison's fall. And—and she could not—she could not fall into the hands of that—

Ellen felt her legs begin to tire. Her muscles finally were giving out. And unless the doctor's farmstead appeared soon, she would not be able to outlast her pursuer. Then—then! Ellen grimly closed her mind to the thought.

The frozen stream curved to the left in a sweeping arc and, as Ellen's course curved with it, the girl saw the figure in black creep up. It swung toward the left bank as if to cut the corner that she in her panic had rounded too wide. From somewhere within the girl new power was miraculously released. Her feet flew even faster than before. But still the girl's heart sank. For the phantom that so tenaciously pursued matched her speed burst for burst.

Ellen's breath was labored. She knew she could go no farther. Her feet were becoming great gobs of lead that she could not lift. This was the very end. No more—and then Dr. Holman's house appeared, white in the distance.

Like a race horse whipped to a Garrison finish, Ellen Wakefield sprinted with lightning-like strokes that cut short arcs in the Creek's hard surface. Through a long, tree-shadowed section of the icy highway she dashed. Until, turning sharply off the ice with a wild cry of triumph, she raced madly up the sloping ground to the doctor's home.

In the shadow of Jabez Binney's two-mile finish line,



DOWN CREAKY WOODEN STEPS
ELLEN LIGHTED HER OWN WAY

Ellen turned her head for a fleeting second. But Old Jabe did not appear. She had beaten him, and on his own course.

Ellen remembered little of the headlong ride in Roger Harrison's car that tore back to the Lodge over three miles of moonlit Vermont road. She had a vague recollection that she took off her skates, that Dr. Holman made her swallow tablets that nearly gagged her, and that there was a big dog in the front seat with the driver. But the only thing she knew clearly was that, wild-eyed, she had staggered into the Holman house to tell two startled men that Mrs. Harrison lay injured in the log cabin.

Then the doctor was caring for the arm of the dark-haired woman. And in those few minutes, when everybody's attention was diverted toward Mrs. Harrison, Ellen had time to get hold of her own chaotic feelings.

Perhaps Dr. Holman's tablets helped soothe her. Perhaps it was entirely a determination not to be a prey to supernatural fears. Whatever the case, Ellen found herself at the head of the cellar stairs, candle in hand. Once again she was going down into that basement where Jabez Binney had sat and smiled before his spectral race over the century-old ice course. She would face him.

Roger Harrison caught sight of Ellen's white face just as it disappeared through the living room doorway. In the glow of the candle, he saw that her eyes were unnaturally bright and her lips a thin line. He sprang up.

"Come back!" he cried.

But Ellen, without pause, slowly descended the steps.

"Don't go down there!" Roger Harrison was beside her, at the foot of the stairs.

"I must look! I must!" Ellen was saying over and over. "I must look!"

Roger Harrison's long arm shot out to prevent. But with a quick jerk, Ellen loosed herself. And before the opened cabinet the trembling girl held her candle.

Resting in his chair and smiling as if he had just come off the ice, sat Jabez Binney. His skates still were on his feet, and his cheeks were aglow with the thrill of a race hard fought! Hard fought but lost in fair fight!

As the candle dropped from Ellen's limp fingers, Roger Harrison caught the girl in his arms and tenderly carried her up the cellar steps. He was (Continued on page 33)



holiday

Planned especially for

invitation can be written on a bell-shaped red card. The following verse carries out the idea. Use it or one similar.

Come, friend of years, both old and new,
We'll celebrate with comrades true.
Ring old year out, and new year in
With song and dance and merry din.

CHRISTMAS time! The holidays! No school, no home work, just a round of gayety—the ideal time certainly to entertain your friends. Especially in the week following Christmas everyone is carefree and ready for parties. The only difficulty is that since so many people choose that particular week you have to be careful to make your plans early and get your invitations out at least three weeks in advance. It is worth the extra thought, however, to have your party during that gay time.

The invitations must be novel and interesting, too; they have to compete against so many rivals. Small, inexpensive green wreaths make colorful and appropriate invitations. Tie on your own personal card with bright red ribbon. The time, place and R. S. V. P. can be written on the front of your card, and on the back of it the invitation in verse.

This is the time of all the year
When days and nights are full of cheer.
Come, join us, and be bright and gay
With dance and game and Christmas play.

If the emphasis is going to be on the New Year a tiny silver bell can be attached to your personal card; or the

Remember, a small, well-managed party is better than a large unwieldy one. Try to invite people who are congenial. Be sure there is an equal number of boys and girls if the party is for a mixed group. It is sometimes well to invite a few extra boys. They can be of assistance, but an extra girl is usually an added problem for the hostess.

After the invitations are out the wise hostess immediately begins to make the party plans. After all, the success of any party depends largely on how thoroughly it has been planned beforehand.

If you are obliged to entertain a large number of friends, an afternoon game party is most apt to prove successful. Before the guests arrive, the tables are all arranged, each with a different game. *Hy Ball Pin Game* in all its many varieties is most popular just now. Then, there are *Mechanical Baseball*, *Magnetic Fish Pond*, *National Bank*, *Ping Pong*, *Twelve Combinations*, *Funny Conversations*, *Colored Dominoes*—to mention only a few of the really popular indoor games. Name the tables for the months instead of numbering them. Give each guest as she arrives a little souvenir leather engagement or address book with pencil attached. To assign partners for the first game underline a month and date in each book. For instance, there will be four Januarys underlined, two of which have the fifteenth underlined, two of which have the thirtieth underlined. These all meet at the January table; like numbers are partners. The little books also serve for keeping score.

Be sure to change tables every fifteen minutes and at the end of the party award two or three prizes and a humorous consolation prize.

A more informal type of party is always more fun provided the group is congenial and responsive to your leadership. If it is a boy and girl party prepare two baskets of matching favors. As they arrive the boys are given a favor from one basket, the girls from the other. They find partners for the first game by matching their souvenirs. Lollypops in different sizes and shapes always start the party off hilariously. Souvenir pencils in different colors and styles are attractive and can be used to keep score in evening games.

The game of *The Five Senses* is new and popular. It is especially good as a starter to an informal



Parties

you by LUCILE MARSH

party. The hostess announces that her guests were chosen for their sixth sense but, to be sure their other senses are equally well developed, they will all play a game to test each variety of sense, good sense included. Then she explains to them how the game is played.



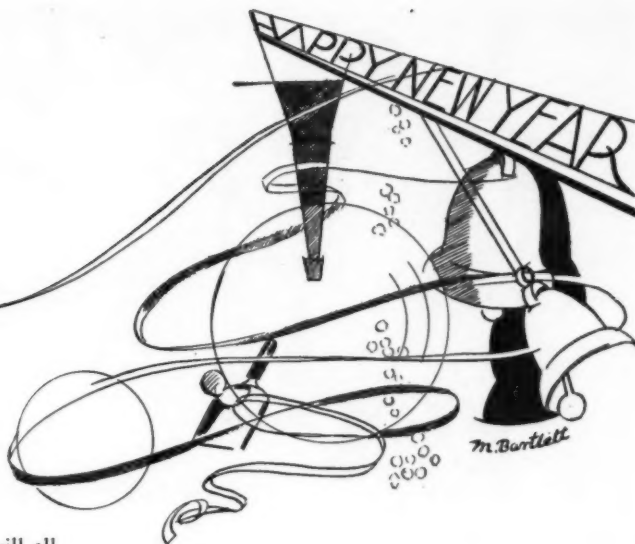
To test the eyes: Hang up a fairly large picture. A reproduction of a Dutch interior is best because it has so many objects in it. Tell your guests to notice carefully everything in the picture. Allow each person to look at it for just one minute. At the end of that time put the picture away. Give each guest a penny pad—different colored pads are attractive—and ask each one to write down the name of every object seen in the picture. The time limit for writing is five minutes. Remind guests to write their names on the paper and collect the answers promptly.

A prize for winning and lowest score should be given. They need not be expensive, but try to

have them clever and appropriate. For example, the first prize might be a pair of opera glasses presented with the remark that anyone who has so much talent for seeing things may wish to extend her range of vision. The consolation prize might be a pair of plain glass spectacles, five-and-ten cent store variety. But be sure that the latter sort of prize is not given to anyone who already wears glasses as that might hurt your guest's feelings. While someone is counting up scores the next feature should get under way.

To test the ears: Play ten different fairly well-known and popular melodies on the piano or victrola; a few phrases from each one is sufficient for identification. The guests write down their guesses as the tunes are played. The first prize might be any musical novelty—a musical candy box is appropriate for either boy or girl. The consolation prize might be a musical toy, a victrola record or one-half dozen of those small advertising editions of popular songs, tied in a roll to look like a diploma.

To test smell: Buy little bottles of flower



Decorations by Miriam Bartlett

perfumes sold in the five-and-ten cent store. Give each guest one or pass the bottles around giving each guest a drop on the hand and ask him to name the odor. The following fragrances are desirable to choose: violet, rose, carnation, jasmine, sandalwood, Yankee clover, honey-suckle, lily-of-the-valley, musk, narcissus. The prize might be a bottle of lavender toilet water since boys and girls both use this. The booby prize might be a bottle of smelling salts to revive the recipient.

To test the sense of touch: Blindfold your guests with paper napkins and pass objects around on trays. They may handle them for ten seconds but they may not remove them from the tray. This prevents dropping and breaking or seeing the objects from behind the blindfold. To write out the answers the guests may look down behind the blindfold at the pad in their lap. The following objects have proved interesting and hard to guess: a damp powder puff, a large cork, a glove stretcher, very large tweezers, a pencil sharpener, a closed fan, a tea ball, a pickle—thoroughly dried in a towel—a two and one-half dollar gold piece, a marshmallow, an orange stick, a lump of sugar, a curtain ring, a round electric light (Continued on page 48)





A LONG HEAVE DESIGNED TO LAND ON THE SNOW BANK ALL BUT CUT OFF ONE PERFECTLY GOOD MATH TEACHER IN HER PRIME

Enforced Leisure

By LESLIE WARREN

Illustrations by Helen Hokinson

IT WAS the year that Scatter made the ice hockey team at our Oak Tree School and the morning of the day that she was to appear in all her glory in the annual game with Kingsford, the other girls' school in our town. She was the only girl from our class to make the team that year and, of course, Bingo Baxter and I and all the rest of our crowd were thrilled skinny. She played left wing and was so ardent and speedy as to be almost unbeatable. At least we thought so.

Bingo Baxter had gone out for right defense on the team but had had no chance for the job because the senior who was captain played that position, but she was awfully sporting about it.

"I'll make the team next year so that's O. K.," she had said with one of her expansive grins and thereafter set to work to egg Scatter on for the honor of the school and our class in particular.

On the present occasion, however, as we three walked to school in the morning Bingo seemed unusually gloomy and low, in spite of the fact that it was a dandy day, cold and clear with loads of snow on the ground piled high, white and luscious all along the sidewalk.

But I didn't pay much attention to Bingo. I was too busy trying to convince my old Airedale, Guffin, that it would be best for him to go home before he was sent there, and Scatter ignored her, too. With her beret clinging precariously to the back of her head, Scat whistled a maddening refrain.

Scatter is like that. When she gets a tune in her head she sings it and whistles it over and over until she, as well as everyone else, is almost driven mad. This time it was *Grasshoppers Three*. Cappy, who is really Miss Mason, our gym teacher and Girl Scout captain, had taught it to us at our last Girl Scout meeting and, while it was an excellent song in its place, it did get boring with repetition.

"Grasshoppers three a'fiddling went,
Hey oh, never be still,
They paid no money toward the rent
But all day long with their elbows bent
They fiddled a tune called rilliby, rilliby,
Fiddled a tune called rilliby, rill."

Scatter finished whistling the verse and then she started to sing it loudly all over again. It almost drove us all frantic.

We stood it as long as possible. We could see Bingo getting ready to complain and mincing no words about it.

"Grasshoppers three a'fiddling went,
Hey oh, never be still. . . ."

"Well, I wish that you'd be still, Scatter," exploded Bingo, goaded beyond patience in her doleful state. "Honestly, aren't you even thrilled at all about the game this afternoon?"

Scatter stopped singing and grinned widely. Also she gave her books an extra and fancy flourish on the end of their swinging strap.

"Of course I am, you penguin—completely! And some more!" she assured our playmate. Then she noticed Bingo's incomplete and bereft expression. "Where's Nancy this morning?" she demanded.

Nancy Greenough is a gentle flower of the aristocracy and, strangely enough, the permanent and ineradicable shadow of the turbulent Bingo Baxter.

Bingo frowned. Gloom is never her strong point, but at that moment she was steeped in it and over her ears.

"She's on probation," she mourned. "Got behind in her math corrections and old Gorgon stuck her on pro and told her to come half an hour early every morning until they were made up. That's why she's not with me this morning."

Bingo sighed deeply. But Scatter was not sympathetic. "Gosh!" she said, with unbounded and ungrudging admiration for an ancient foe in her hushed tones. "Isn't old Gorgon going a pace this year? She's a Tartar, all right."

Guffin turned himself homeward at this point and I barged into the conversation.

"Did you ever hand in those math corrections you owed her last spring when school closed?" I inquired.

Scatter regarded me with pained and righteous indignation. I knew I was on thin ice.

"Frosty, is that kind?" she asked patiently. "With me on the verge of one of the larger hockey ordeals? Isn't it enough to have had to listen to you ask that question every half hour all summer up at Panther without your producing it now all inconvenient? Why do you harp on that subject?"

Scatter makes me mad when she talks like that and anyhow I didn't ask her every half hour all summer, only about once a week, and she was dumb about not doing those cor-

rections. Old Gorgon has taught at the Oak Tree for centuries and centuries and simply everyone knows that she can't be bluffed out of corrections. You might just as well do them and get them over with soon as late. It's honestly easier in the long run. But try and tell Scatter that or anything else that she doesn't want to know. It can't be done. Absolutely. I know.

"Have it your own way," I answered her loftily, "but some day Gorgon will remember those corrections and she'll toss you on pro quicker than chain lightning. You know how she is, Scat."

"Mebbe," agreed Scatter amiably, "but don't let that worry you, Frosty, for I honestly do intend to do them some day as a sort of surprise for Gorgon. I'm waiting for a moment of enforced leisure and when it arrives I'll just sit down with my elbows bent and fiddle a tune called math corrections with all my might. In the meantime, I am not forcing myself on Gorgon's attention, and I'm also working hard to keep this year's corrections up to scratch for Miss Bates. I'm trying awfully hard. You'd be amazed to know how hard I can try when I want to."

"Gorgon will catch you yet," prophesied Bingo pessimistically from the depths of her depression. "She will catch you," she continued with gloomy gusto, "and she'll put you on pro for the whole rest of the year with fancy trimmings of early study periods and no athletics just as she did to Nancy. Be careful, Scat."

But Scatter, bored with wars and rumors of wars, laughed lightly and changed the subject with a flourish of her books.

"D'you know what Janey promised me?" she inquired.

We shook our heads. Janey is Miss Jane Madison, the principal of our school and a complete and positive peach. Gosh, but she is a corker, and mostly her promises are worth listening to. Of course, we don't call her Janey to her face, but you know how that is.

"Well, she's promised me Johnny Madison for a mascot for the hockey game this after'. To take out to the rink and be responsible for. I'm to collect him after school before the game."

Scatter paused with modest and pardonable pride, waiting to be admired, and Bingo and I stopped short in our tracks and admired her. Johnny Madison is probably Janey's choicest possession. He is a small ebony elephant carried to this country from the Orient years ago by some seafaring Madison ancestor and at our school he is at once a mascot and a fetish. During the school year he travels about from one room

to another, wherever his presence is most deserved, although at the present moment he was residing on the broad window sill of the store closet adjoining Janey's private office.

"Umph," grunted Bingo, "you must have a drag. He's never allowed out to games unless Janey carries him herself. She's scared he might break a tusk or something. I take it all back about your being put on pro, Scatter. You're too

lucky. Even Gorgon wouldn't dare to touch you with Johnny in your hands. I guess you must be immune from misfortune."

Scatter laughed insanely, but if we could have looked ahead and foreseen what an hour of misery Johnny Madison was to bring to us, I guess that Bingo and I would have thought of him more as a hoodoo than as a mascot.

We were nearing the corner on which school stands and Scatter, swinging her books more violently than ever, began to chant her Grasshopper war cry once more. With the last word of the verse she spun her books at the end of their strap and let them fly like a sling shot. They landed in a snow drift up the street and Scat gave a whoop of delight. She was all agog that day anyhow.

"More fun! More people killed!" she shrieked. "Come on, you two, and see who can hurl books farthest."

I had nothing but a French grammar with me and that wasn't in a strap, so I shook my head. But Bingo Baxter perked up at the idea and began to show signs of emerging from her depression.

"Bet I can beat you, Scat!" she challenged, and the two of them went into action, timing themselves with the tune of *Grasshoppers Three* and hurling their books with every last "rill".

Bingo could beat Scatter. She's an awfully lusty soul, and Scatter, mindful that she had a reputation as a member of the school hockey team to maintain, swung wilder and wilder in her efforts to keep in the running. As I said before, we were nearing the corner on which our school stands and at that point Scatter made one last desperate attempt to justify herself as book hurling promoter without a rival.

It was a noble effort.

A fine long heave, designed to land on the snow bank piled up on this side of the oak tree in the school yard. It very likely would have beaten any one of Bingo's best efforts by feet and Scatter would have gone into school full of self satisfaction and a noble sense of something accomplished had not Fate interposed a dark and threatening hand which not only all but cut off one perfectly good math teacher in her prime, but also came within an ace of ruining Scatter's career as well. For the very worst came to pass. It was awful.

The great oak tree from which our school takes its name stands on one side of the path in the school yard, and around its massive trunk, just as Scatter's battered books left her hand in that imposing hurl, came old Gorgon, herself in person, and Fate, with an easy nonchalance that took not into account the destiny of hockey teams, decreed that

their paths should cross, or rather meet. The books lit square upon Gorgon's head with a sickening thud and after that all was horrid confusion over which it is kindest to draw a veil. Suffice it to say that when all was straightened out once more, and Gorgon was brushed off, apologized to and helped up the steps by an abject Scatter and us, recollection suddenly dawned. You could absolutely see it flooding



NEVER VENTURING FORTH
WITHOUT PEERING UP AND
DOWN THE CORRIDOR—

through Gorgon's mind like light before darkness. She stopped and gazed at Scatter with a cold and relentless eye.

"Sarah Atwell," she declared shakily, "this unfortunate incident recalls to my memory that you have never—"

But Scatter, her duty to her fallen enemy complete, did not hesitate to hear of any further debts. Muttering incoherently of an urgent date with Cappy, she fled like a gazelle in the direction of the gym. She spent thereafter a harassed and breathless day, never venturing forth from our home room without first peering up and down the corridor, and making many sudden and disconcerting leaps behind doors when she thought she saw the foe approaching.

"That won't save you for long, though," remarked Bingo Baxter who, reunited to her gentle playmate, was feeling much brighter. "If Gorgon really wants you she'll come to our home room and drag you out; or else she'll send for you. It's all the same in the long run."

"I know it can't last long," confessed Scatter with a worried frown on her thin face. "Just for today is all I ask. If I can stay off pro until after the hockey match this after' then I can do those corrections at home to-night and never get on pro at all."

Scatter was honestly terribly perturbed and I chuckled with evil mirth at her tumult. She had no one but herself to blame over those corrections. She knew that perfectly. Land knows, I had pointed out that fact to her enough times that summer.

Well, the day dragged on and it began to seem as if Scatter's luck was going to hold and she would get into the hockey match after all. Old Gorgon went serenely about her business and it looked as if the excitement about pro was nothing but sheer imagination on our part.

"She's had a change of heart," I told Scatter privately. "She knows if she grabs you now that she will have to take you off the team. Even old Gorgon would never be so mean. It must be as important for her as it is for us to put a good hockey team on the rink."

"Mebbe," agreed Scatter, unenthusiastically. "But I'm not taking a chance in the lunch room. You and Bingo bring me some sandwiches to the gym locker room. It's safer there with Cappy to protect me."

Which we did after school was dismissed and Scatter began to get a grip on herself. It visibly strengthened as she shifted into her brown hockey tunic with its green school emblem on the front. She looked gorgeous and Bingo and Nancy and I stood off and admired her profusely. Honestly we were almost as agog as she was herself, and to top off our agogedness who should happen along at that moment but the team captain. She laughed at our rapturous expressions, but she also raised Scatter to the highest heights by swatting her on her shoulder as she passed by.

"Play up there, Scat!" she besought her. "We're counting on you today."

Scatter beamed beatifically, and then drew a deep breath. "And now for Johnny Madison," she said. And we three followed her up the stairs to Janey's office, which happened to be unoccupied at the moment, and waited outside

while Scatter went into the store closet for Johnny. All day we had been on pins and needles waiting, it seemed, for the inevitable to happen. Was Scat's luck to hold out?

And it was then that Fate caught up with Scatter, and Johnny turned himself from a potent mascot into a hoodoo. For as we lounged there in the hall, who should appear before our horror stricken eyes, bearing down upon the office with flaming purpose in every stride, but old Gorgon!

Mute with anguish and to our everlasting disgrace, Bingo Baxter and I remained rooted to the spot. It was left to our gentle Nancy to size up the situation at a glance, slip into the office, close the store closet door upon Scatter and return to the hall as if nothing had happened. She met the Gorgon upon the threshold and greeted her in her best manner.

"Is Miss Madison here?" demanded Gorgon sharply. She could see perfectly well that she wasn't, but Nancy answered her politely. Nancy is always polite, even in times of great storm and stress. It is an art with her.

"No, Miss Gordon, she isn't," she replied as quietly as if she had not just performed one of the braver deeds of the year.

We held our breaths. What if Gorgon had business in the store closet? Would Scatter understand what was going on? Would she have sense enough to seek further shelter behind the door or under Janey's heavy enveloping coat?

Gorgon pursued her course of inquiries tenaciously without a break.

"Has any one of you girls seen Sarah Atwell this afternoon?" she queried.

"Why, yes, Miss Gordon," Nancy answered helpfully, "I've seen her around off and on. She was in the gym a little while ago. I saw her."

"Oh!" exclaimed Gorgon, afire with enthusiasm and about to gallop toward the gym which she surely would have done had not Bingo in that brainless way of hers suddenly wafted herself into the conversation and spoiled everything. Anxious to convince the enemy that we knew nothing, she up and said the very wrongest thing possible.

"We were just waiting for Scatter—Sarah, I mean," she assured old Gorgon with a wide grin upon her face. "Waiting to go to the hockey match, you know."

Gorgon stopped dead in her tracks and whirled on our helpless persons. Even Bingo saw in one awful flash what she had accomplished by her dumb remark so, uttering an unhappy little cry, she wilted against the wall, prey for the second time that day to complete and abject gloom.

"So you are waiting for Sarah, too," commented Gorgon grimly. "I think perhaps I had better wait with you then." And she seated herself on one of Janey's chairs as if she were as permanent as the Rock of Gibraltar and twice as difficult to move.

We three regarded each other with drawn and haggard faces and I suppressed a sharp desire to kick Bingo violently on the shins. I don't know how Nancy was feeling on the subject, but I should think that even her unflinching devotion might have been shaken by the brainless act that shut Scatter a prisoner in the store closet at the moment when the school team was counting (Continued on page 32)



"SARAH ATWELL! THIS UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT RECALLS TO MY MEMORY . . ."

Frocks In and Out of the Classroom



905—The romantic sleeves of this charming bottle-green wool frock overplaid in yellow remind us of the costumes worn by pages in the "Laughing Princess" entourage. The bodice fits snugly, the skirt flares with bravado while the tie has a casual touch of derring-do. Sizes—11 to 17. Size 15, for instance, needs $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for the jumper, 2 yards of 35-inch plaid for the blouse, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 35-inch lining.

927—Again it's wool, this time in a pleasant mouse-grey mixture. Touched here and there with black—black suede belt with silver buckle; a black button at neck and on each cuff—it is smart to a degree. But it's easy to make and can be had in sizes 14 to 20. If you are a 16, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material will be enough. This slip-on frock does equally well for school or daytime holiday wear. Its uses are more than ordinary.

2999—Daytimes she may swoop down the ski trail with falcon speed, evenings she walks or dances with equal grace, but elegantly, in a frock like this. The color—what matter? It's the lines that count here—but Christmas red is flattering to the blondes, Christmas green to dark-haired girls. Patterns may be had in sizes 12 to 20. Size 16 takes $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of ribbon. In taffeta this frock charms.

Patterns are 15 cents each, the American Girl Pattern Book 25 cents, coins or stamps. American Girl Patterns, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Laughing Princess

ROSAMOND was never to forget her first sight of Paris.

The beautiful city, it was called and, looking at the spires of its cathedrals, and its beautiful buildings, Rosamond thought it well named. The royal procession had stopped three days in Abbeyville and there Mary had been married once again to Louis. From Abbeyville they went to St. Denis where Mary, looking lovelier than ever, Rosamond thought, in a rich brocaded gown, was crowned Queen of all of France. From that time on, the procession made its way to Paris between what seemed to be thick walls of devoted subjects who looked upon the new young Queen as their saviour from all wars. They knew that King Henry the Eighth of England was behind his sister, his most important country behind him. After awhile, however, things settled down to gray routine. But as the days went by Queen Mary's gay spirits came back to her.

"I'd like to have a ball!" she declared one day, dropping her sewing in her lap and looking out over the tree tops of Paris with sweetly-stormy eyes. "I'm tired of this senseless life, where no one ever laughs and sings and dances. It is dull—very dull."

She jumped to her feet, tossing her embroidery to the floor and Rosamond clapped her hands.

"And mayhap we could dress alike and mystify them as we did in England!" she cried.

"That would, indeed, be fun. I will see about it!" the Queen cried and lifting her long skirts in either hand she started to rush pell-mell from the room. As she did, the door opened and the King came across the threshold. There was not the same formality in the French Court as there was in England and no one went before the King to announce his coming.

"Oh, I was looking for your Majesty," Mary cried, going directly to the point. "I seek a favor of you. May we have a ball tomorrow night? My feet crave the music of a dance! My heart yearns for some careless laughter!"

"It shall be as you wish!" he said in his gentle broken English. "It shall be done."

"And there are other things I'd like to change!" Mary went on, feeling nothing could stop her now she had started. "I'm sick and tired of the monstrous meal that we must eat at eight o'clock in the morning, and then to bed by six! I've never heard of such a thing! The world's a lovely place after the sun has set and Lady Moon is monarch of the sky and all the stars are out, twinkling down at you as if to share their secrets! I love the night and would see much more of it!"

The King was as good as his word. The whole routine of Court was changed for Mary. From that day on they dined at twelve noon. Oftentimes the King sat up until after midnight waiting for the Queen who now had fêtes and balls in plenty and danced until her slender feet were weary. It was after a gay ball that ended on the stroke of midnight, that Mary bade Rosamond come with her to her room and wait upon her while she undressed and got ready for bed. The dance had been a merry one and Mary had seldom rested, but had twirled and whirled around the room until she seemed a butterfly that fluttered gayly in a garden. She and Rosamond had worn costumes just alike. It had been a masked party and both were courted on every side—for



theirs was a pretty trick and had seemed very amusing to the French.

The wind that had risen screamed against the old stone walls and suddenly the air was made sweet with distant pealings of church bells and the cry of the watchman in the street below calling the hour. Suddenly Mary jumped to her feet with a scornful valiant shrug of her slender shoulders.

"I sit here glooming," she cried, "and crying for the moon! Really life at hand is very pleasant. I grow to like King Louis better every day and it seems the queerest thing that ever I did fear him. He is very kind and now I find myself quite fond of him. He is as

good to me as any man could be to his daughter—"

"He is one of the kindest men I have ever known," Rosamond said simply.

"Who knocks upon the door at this late hour?" Mary exclaimed in affright, a moment later. Rosamond sprang to open. Anne Boleyn came in. Her face seemed paler than usual, her black curls were mussed, her eyes were red from weeping. She went at once and knelt before Queen Mary.

Mary put her hands against her heart.

"What is it? Come, speak," she said.

"But a moment since the Lady Clarabelle came to my room to say the King is ill. She had sought Rosamond but finding her not in her room she came to me and bade me break the news to you."

"The King is ill?" Mary repeated stupidly, as if she did not quite understand what Anne had said. "But he was at the dance not one short hour ago! You must be mistaken."

But Anne shook her head—even at this time she did not forget to be dramatic.

"He lies there calling for you, and claims he could find some rest if you were by his side. So Mistress Clarabelle sent me to tell you. It is at the suggestion of the Court Physician."

"Go, tell them I come at once," Mary cried.

Anne bowed and closed the door behind her. Rosamond helped the Queen to clothe herself in a long, loose negligée. As she smoothed her hair for her, Mary bent and kissed Rosamond on the cheek.

"Say a little prayer for him," she whispered softly.

Rosamond went to sit by the window. The streets of Paris lay below her in the moonlight. The wind had died down. All was silent in the silver light. Rosamond leaned her chin upon her hand and let her thoughts turn to her father as they always did when she was alone. Somewhere, she thought, beneath some moon-drenched roof of silver perhaps her father lay a-sleeping now; or perhaps, he might be awake, thinking of her and her mother and Hugh. How wonderful it would be, Rosamond thought idly, if her thoughts could wing through the air and meet his.

She remembered how only a short time before the King had opened the ball, leading Mary out to dance the first few measures. Then he had retired to his throne, where he had sat and watched the gayety, a smile upon his tired face, a look of pride mounting to his eyes whenever they rested upon his gay young Queen. Poor old man decked out in a suit of scarlet—trying so hard to play his part. She put her head down on her folded arms and sobbed drearily.

A few weeks later Rosamond was sitting with the young widowed Queen in her private room. They had been embroidering, while Rosamond told Mary of her home—



"WHAT A PRETTY MAID TO BE OUT ALONE ON A COLD AFTERNOON LIKE THIS!" HE SAID, AND MADE AS IF TO GRASP HER ARM

By MABEL CLELAND

*Illustrations by
Marguerite de Angeli*

tales of Hugh and her mother and the things they had enjoyed together, which made her homesick even as she talked about them.

"I wonder why there is no answer to my letter," Mary said, suddenly going off to another subject. "I cannot understand why Henry doesn't write to me and tell me what to do. I feel I cannot stay on here indefinitely. I hardly dare to lift my eyes up from the ground, so fearful am I of this Francis, who now is King. My friends here at Court have all warned me to be careful of him. They say there is nothing he would not stoop to, to get me into his hands. He fears I may make another dynastic marriage which will strengthen England's power in the world. And how he would hate that!"

As she spoke the door swung open silently and the new King came into the room. Mary's eyes were flashing as she finally rose to greet him.

"May I ask my Lord who gave him this permission to enter my apartment without knocking?" she flared, and her voice trembled with indignation.

Francis' ugly face flushed a dull red. "I am King—no doors are barred to me," he said.

"I claim a right to my own privacy," Mary said haughtily, her head held high.

The King made a gesture with his hand as if to dismiss the subject. Mary had risen to her feet and was standing behind her chair. Her young lovely face was distorted by

her anger. Her eyes were like flaming swords that would have killed Francis where he stood, if that were possible.

"You seem always to forget that I am King!" he said in a low voice shaken with fury. "I fear me I must find some way to make you realize it——"

"Only go now—" Mary said in a low voice of loathing.

He bowed and left the room without a backward glance.

"I cannot stay here at the Palace," the young Queen said. "I must find a home of my own where I may wait until I hear from Henry. I did hear this morning of a place called Cluny Mansion. The Monks of Cluny built it for themselves, but now they have not enough money to live in it. I think I shall take it. Get on your cloak at once, Rosamond, and go thence for me. I'll write a letter to the good old Abbot and bid him make out all the papers."

Rosamond got her cloak while Mary wrote her letter. Then having folded the precious note into a tiny square, Rosamond thrust it down inside her dress and let herself out of a small side door of the Palace.

She hurried along the twisted narrow streets. Twilight was approaching and there were few people abroad.

But the Monastery was not far off. She saw the Abbot in almost no time, received the proper papers and paid him the small sum demanded in advance. Soon the papers and the key to Cluny Mansion were tucked within the bosom of her dress and she was off for the palace. But as she turned a corner a man stepped from the (Continued on page 36)



ANNE BOLEYN CAME IN AND KNELT BEFORE QUEEN MARY. HER FACE SEEMED PALER THAN USUAL AND HER EYES WERE RED FROM WEEPING



GRILLED SARDINES, CRANBERRY JELLY, A SALAD AND JELLIED CHRISTMAS PUDDING REMIND US OF HOLIDAY FEASTS

Christmas Party Dishes

POSSIBLY I should be telling you how to roast the Christmas turkey to the well-known turn;

how to prepare the mashed potatoes so that their flaky succulence will seem miraculous; how to bring out most subtly the flavor of that trinity of holiday vegetables: squash, turnip, creamed onions.

But today my eyes see accompaniments to the gallant golden brown chestnut- and oyster-stuffed bird—an *hors-d'œuvre* that will keenly whet the appetite so that you may have second helpings of both dark and light; two heirloom recipes for preparing cranberries, recipes so simple that you may want to try them right off without waiting for Christmas.

There will be two salads—one for the holidays, the other a Girl Scout Salad that is cool, fresh, decorative and meant for any day in the year. But in honor of the season there are a special Christmas pudding and some suggestions for making the table festive—and that you may surprise the family with your cooking repertory during Christmas week—a luncheon or bridge-party soup, and cookies for afternoon tea. It's a diversified assortment—but you know what fun it is to draw from your stocking a medley of totally unrelated gifts.

Grilled Sardines

Do not begin by telling me you cannot bear sardines. Really, you are sure to like them prepared in the way

By WINIFRED MOSES

I am going to describe to you: on thinly sliced crustless toasted bread spread with butter softened with

Worcestershire sauce to give it a really appetizing taste. But in the meantime, place the sardines in a baking pan and heat thoroughly—either in the oven or under the broiler flame. When they are very hot place two sardines on each slice of toast, sprinkle lightly with lemon. Serve at once—this is important!

Now, for the cream of mushroom soup which may or may not follow the appetizer. I should not suggest this soup for Christmas dinner, however. It is rather "filling." It is a welcome refreshment after a long ski trek; or your mother's friends would like it after an afternoon at contract.

Cream of Mushroom Soup

Wash and peel and slice enough mushrooms to make two cups. Put the peelings in a saucepan; add two cups of water; cook for ten minutes; drain and add the water to the sliced mushrooms; simmer until tender—about ten minutes. Add two cups of rich milk.

While the mushrooms are cooking, cream together three tablespoons of fat, two of flour, one teaspoon salt. Dilute to a smooth paste with a little hot milk; stir into the soup until the mixture is thoroughly scalded.

Just before removing from the flame add one slice lemon. Serve at once—in cups or in small (Continued on page 44)



SANTA'S HELPER WAS A GIRL SCOUT FROM GREATER NEW YORK FEDERATION WHICH DRESSED DOLLS FOR THE ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING CONDITIONS OF THE POOR

HEBERLE SCHOOL TROOP 64, CINCINNATI, OHIO PREPARED THIS DOLL FAMILY AS SURPRISE CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO CHILDREN WHO OTHERWISE WOULD HAVE GONE WITHOUT



LIGHTED WINDOWS SHINE OVER THE CHRISTMAS SNOW GIRL

Following the

*Not only at this Christmas season
year Girl Scouts remember—but
high with food and make the wo*





SNOWY GIRL SCOUT HEADQUARTERS, STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

the Gleam . . .

*as sason but throughout the whole
ber—but now they heap baskets
e the world as happy as themselves*



SNOWY SULLIVAN COUNTY DID NOT KEEP LIBERTY, NEW YORK
GIRL SCOUTS FROM CARRYING FULL BASKETS TO THE POOR



THEY WENT TO INNIS-
FREE'S TOTEM LODGE
TO CAMP OVER THE
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS—
LUCKY DETROIT GIRL
SCOUTS—AND THEY
MADE THE MOST OF
FROSTY AIR, CRACKLING
LOGS AND STORIES!

OUR STAR REPORTER

The best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month. She receives a book as an award. To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should answer for "American Girl" readers the following questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Lists of names are not to be given except as they are essential.

OUR Star Reporter this month is Martha Jacobson, a member of Troop Three of Red Wing, Minnesota. Martha writes to us about the Yule Log Hunt Red Wing Girl Scouts had last December.

"Our Yule Log Hunt was attended by about ninety Girl Scouts. We started from the armory at two-thirty in the afternoon. We were told that the log was within a half mile of us, in any direction. We hunted about an hour, without any luck at all. Then we gathered at a city park where a few clues were given to us.

"About fifteen minutes after that I found the log under the steps of the United Lutheran Church. Then we carried it back to the park, where it was burned. The fire was lit by Evelyn Erickson from an ember of the 1930 Yule log which she had found. After burning the log we took a few embers to save until next year, when I shall have the honor of lighting the fire. These embers are kept in a small iron container having a secret lock. Only the girls who find the Yule log know the secret of opening this box, so Evelyn Erickson and I are the only ones who know right now.

"After the hunt we returned to the armory where an excellent Christmas program was given. After that nice refreshments were served. They were certainly enjoyed by every one of us."

HERE IT is almost Christmas again and Girl Scouts are busier than ever, hunting Yule logs, making presents, singing carols, painting and repairing toys for smaller children—doing the hundred and one things that active troops can find to do at Christmas time.

Alma Pratt of Washington, D. C. writes us about the way some of the Washington Girl Scouts celebrated Christmas last year. "Fifty of us were invited to act as honorary guards for Mrs. Hoover at the lighting of the national Christmas tree in Sherman Square on the day before Christmas. We were also to go to the White House in the evening and sing carols.

"A platform had been built in the square where the distinguished guests were to sit. On one side of the boardwalk leading to it stood fifty Boy Scouts and on the other side the Girl Scouts. The approach of Presi-

dent and Mrs. Hoover were giving a reception to their most intimate friends. The Marine Band was just inside the main entrance, playing for the occasion. We formed a horseshoe in front of them. One section of the band accompanied us while we sang four carols. Just as we began, the two oldest Hoover grandchildren appeared in the doorway followed by the President, Mrs. Hoover and their guests. They received us most graciously after the singing. We finally went down to one of the private dining rooms, singing a carol as we went, where we were served refreshments. After that we went back to our Little House."

Here Was a Christmas Rally

The Cincinnati Girl Scouts showed real imagination at their Christmas Rally and Doll Festival and had a good time, too:

Old-fashioned

*Holly, mistletoe, pine and hemlock
where Yule wishes burn . . . gay*

dent and Mrs. Hoover was announced by a bugle call, at which we stood at full salute. There was music by the United States Marine Band, singing, and then the President said a few words as he pressed the button which lighted the tree. Once more we stood at salute as they passed between the lines to their car.

"The Girl Scouts then marched to the Little House where we were served with hot chocolate and sandwiches. At seven-fifteen we marched to the White House where the President

"For years now the Christmas contribution of our Girl Scouts has been to dress large and small new dolls for the needy children of the city. This year we were asked for seven hundred and fifty and have about a thousand. It is always a problem to get the dolls in in time to distribute through our Christmas Committee, so we planned to postpone our usual fall rally until December, making it a Doll Festival and urging each girl to bring along the dolls she dressed. We sold the dolls to the troops, charging ten cents for the small ones and fifty cents for the large ones. Most troops have each girl dress one little doll and each patrol dress a large one. We paid fifty cents wholesale for the large dolls and eighty-five cents a dozen for the small.

"We held the rally in the armory. We had placards cut in the shape of doll houses, with a gable and chimney. On the door we had the troop number which was to represent the address of the doll house. As each troop came in they left their dolls with the committee at the door and were told to find their doll houses. At three blasts of a horn each troop dressed up one of its girls to represent a live paper doll, using crêpe paper and pins that the troops were asked to bring with them. Fifteen minutes later the dolls ran across the floor to the band and the judges, and performed the *Dance of the Dollies*.

"Immediately after that there was the grand march or Doll Parade led by the paper dolls. This ended in a horseshoe formation and the Girl Scouts sat on the floor for the Court of Awards, the badges being presented by our new mayor. AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions were given for the rally awards.

"Two Girl Scout rounds were then sung, and after these songs came a dramatization of *The Story Book Ball*, when Mother Goose characters came to life. A chorus of twenty-five Girl Scouts in uniform formed an open

square. The two Girl Scouts in the center held a sign which appeared to be a huge Mother Goose book. The girls so pivoted that the book seemed to open and the different Mother Goose characters popped out. These girls acted out their parts while the chorus sang the words of the song, appropriately changed for this Girl Scout purpose. Then came two more songs and the march out of the hall past a reviewing stand of the thousand new and very attractive dolls the Girl Scouts had dressed."



THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AT THE GIRL SCOUT CONVENTION AT VIRGINIA BEACH ON THE MORNING OF MRS. HOOVER'S ARRIVAL. MRS. JAMES J. STORROW (FOURTH FROM LEFT) HOLDS A BOUND VOLUME OF "THE AMERICAN GIRL" FOR 1931 PRESENTED TO THE INTERNATIONAL CHALET



Cheer at Christmas

boughs, a shining tree . . . a sweet carol, a log secrets, laughter—Girl Scouts keep Noël young

Here a Christmas Tree Shop

Laura Perkins of Auburn, Maine tells us how pleasantly and helpfully Lewiston and Auburn Girl Scouts celebrated Christmas last year:

"Troops One and Three of Auburn had a Christmas tree shop. Christmas trees were given to Girl Scouts on condition that after twenty dollars was cleared half went to the Girl Scouts and half to the owner of the timberland. A vacant shop was donated, so were electric lights and an oil burner from a local electrical shop.

"Work was given to two unemployed men. One chopped the trees, the other took them to the shop. Postal cards announcing the opening of the shop were sent to parents of Boy and Girl Scouts in the community. The time spent in the shop by Girl Scouts was divided into two-hour periods, two girls serving with the leader, lieutenant or troop committee member.

"In our spare moments we strung wooden beads into chains to give to the Boy Scout toy shop for distribution to little children in the community. The girls also made candy and sold it in the shop. It was a very successful project: we netted forty-two dollars from the sale and also helped the unemployed. Other troops dressed and repaired dolls for the toy shop.

"Every troop filled baskets of food for a poor family, each girl bringing something to fill them. Then on the afternoon before Christmas these baskets were distributed. Two troops gave parties for their mothers. Other troops had Christmas trees for little children, each girl bringing a toy for a child. On Christmas Eve the Girl Scouts sang carols at the Home for the Aged and in each ward of the hospital."

Here Is How Pioneer Troop Celebrated

The Colorado Springs Girl Scouts wrote to us about what they did during the holidays; especially about the Pioneer Service Troop of First Class Scouts' Christmas Community Service.

"The Forestry Service, which for several years has carried on tree-thinning operations at some place in the mountains where the evergreens are growing too thickly, allows certain organizations and people especially licensed to sell Forest Department greens to come to the place where trees are being thinned to buy greens at a very low price.

"Five of the girls and two

leaders started out one Saturday morning in our old reliable car up the old Cripple Creek stage road about eight miles until we found the place where trees were being cut. While our truck was being loaded with cut boughs and a few small trees, the girls gathered kinnikinnik, which is a creeping plant with red berries. It stays green all winter and is used extensively for Christmas decorations.

"One of our projects was to decorate our Little House, which was done very nicely with boughs and small trees, and with a lighted tree on the porch by the front door. The kinnikinnik was tied in small bunches with red ribbon and at seven o'clock on Christmas morning four of the girls with their lieutenant went to Bethel Hospital, arrangements having been made beforehand, and placed a spray with a greeting card on the one hundred and twenty breakfast trays, a service for which the hospital authorities and patients expressed real appreciation.

"The Christmas Community Service project in which all troops take part is to fill stockings for children at the Day Nursery, each troop taking a certain number of stockings and putting in small toys suitable for the age of the particular boy or girl whose name is on the stocking, and also a few hard candies, nuts and a little fruit."

Beacon Girls Played Santa Claus

In Beacon, New York a movement was started by the Girl Scouts to repair dolls and toys for the poor children. A vacant store was secured and all the toys the Girl Scouts couldn't fix the Boy Scouts fixed in this shop. A prominent man of Beacon got money for the repairing of the toys from various people in town. Each one of the Girl Scouts was given a doll to dress and, in addition, some of them made pillows, mattresses, blankets and all kinds of different things for the cribs and doll carriages.

A few nights before Christmas an exhibit of the toys was held, and on Christ-



mas Eve the city nurses acted as Santa Claus and distributed the toys to the different homes where they were very welcome.

A Hospital Troop Remembered too

Opal Daniels, who is a patrol leader in her troop in the Shriners' Hospital at St. Louis, Missouri is our correspondent on how her troop spent Christmas last year:

"Last Christmas and the Christmas before last our troop dressed a dozen dolls for poor children here.

"We had a very interesting program in the schoolroom. Some of the girls had to be in bed, but they were pulled down to the schoolroom where (Continued on page 31)



THIS TACOMA, WASHINGTON GIRL SCAUT SOLD CHRISTMAS SEALS IN A NEW "SEAL" COAT

OMAHA, NEBRASKA GIRL SCAUTS—HERE ARE THREE—EACH YEAR MAKE HUNDREDS OF DOLLS AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR NEEDY CHILDREN





THE CAMPAIGN

The campaign which closed on November eighth brought out the largest number of voters in the history of the country. The Democrats rode to victory on a landslide. At this writing Franklin D. Roosevelt seems to have won 472 electoral votes, President Hoover carrying only Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut and Pennsylvania. The vote of Delaware is still in doubt.

To the end, the President made a gallant fight against overwhelming odds. At the close of the campaign, he dashed across the continent to vote in his home town of Palo Alto, California and, if possible, to hold that state. He delivered his final speech Sunday night, speaking from his private train, parked on a siding at the little town of Elko, Nevada. During these trips his life was constantly threatened, and on more than one occasion attempts to kill him were discovered just in time. The nation, in general, realized that his defeat was due to our desire to blame hard times on someone, even though that someone, as in the case of President Hoover, was not responsible.

The Democrats also gained control of Congress. Another feature of the election was the large number of wet congressmen who won, causing some observers to predict that we would have beer before Christmas.



FLASHES BETWEEN THUNDER

In the last few weeks before the election, politics dwarfed all other issues before the country, but now and then, in the pauses before political oratory, the public got a little flash of news that had nothing to do with somebody's desire for election. A most important flash was the launching of the national relief campaign. Realizing that, in spite of increasing signs that the worst of the depression is over, millions of people are still out of work and the United States faces, this winter, the greatest relief task in its history, Newton D. Baker accepted the chairmanship of the National Citizens' Committee for the Relief and Welfare Mobilization of 1932, which is under the general direction of the National Association of Community Chests and Councils. This Committee was launched by President Hoover on September fifteenth. In October a women's division was organized under the honorary chairmanship of Mrs. Hoover and the active chairmanship of Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, chairman of the national board of Girl Scouts. . . . Judge Webster B. Thayer, who five years ago condemned Sacco and Vanzetti to death, has received, since then, hundreds of threatening letters. Recently someone who felt that Judge Thayer had not conducted this famous case fairly decided to prove the calm fairness of his own opinions by blowing up the judge. A bomb

What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

placed under the rear porch of Judge Thayer's house wrecked the building and buried Mrs. Thayer and a maid under the debris. Mrs. Thayer was, however, not seriously injured, and her husband was untouched. . . . When Dr. Albert Einstein, with his engaging smile, first came to this country, he was scared to death of the publicity that he knew would follow him. But the American people took the Father of Relativity to their hearts, and he learned to face the clicking cameras almost with pleasure. Now it is announced that he will live in this country from October first to April fifteenth of every year for the rest of his life, having accepted an appointment with the Institute of Advanced Study, which is located for the time being at Princeton. It is stipulated that Dr. Einstein will teach only what, when and if he pleases, and that he may return every summer to his fatherland. He is to be provided with a home at Princeton and given complete freedom from financial worry, since his salary, instead of being a fixed amount, will be simply all he wants or needs to live on. The great mathematician, in accepting these terms, exclaimed, "This is Heaven!"

RIOTS IN BRITAIN

The British Empire has seen, this fall, hunger marches and unemployed demonstrations similar to those which agitated Washington last spring when the bonus seekers invaded the national capital. The first serious outbreak was in Belfast, where so many shipyards and mills have closed down that almost one-fourth of the population is living on the dole. In October, ten thousand unemployed rioted in an effort to have their doles increased. Bullets,



bottles and bricks flew through the air in two days of fighting between the unemployed, the soldiers and the police.

Shortly after the Ulster demonstration, an army of several thousand English jobless began to converge on London, also demanding that Parliament, now in session, give them more and easier dole.

CHINA AND JAPAN

This fall the long-awaited report of the Lytton Commission on Manchuria was announced. This non-partisan group of Westerners was appointed ten months ago by the

League of Nations to investigate conditions in Manchuria and find out, if possible, how much truth there was in both Chinese and Japanese claims against each other. The report was unfavorable to Japan. The commission declares that the relations between China and Japan are actually "war in disguise"; that the new state of Manchukuo (Manchuria) which Japan claims has come into being because of a genuine and spontaneous desire on the part of its inhabitants to be free from China, has been, in reality, created by Japan and could not continue to exist without the help of Japanese guns; also that the military operations of the Japanese troops, when they began the attack on China, were not really in self defense. The commission follows up these



findings with recommendations that China and Japan draw up an entirely new set of treaties; that Manchuria be given an entirely new form of government, within the Chinese empire; that foreign advisers assist its new head to rule, and that all military forces be withdrawn from the country and replaced by an entirely new armed police. Needless to say, this report is most displeasing to the Japanese.

NEWS GLEANINGS

Mary Ann Feinberg, ten years old, heard that our peace delegation at Geneva had practically no funds, so she sent Secretary Stimson one hundred pennies to help out. Mary Ann has also founded a Girls' Disarmament Organization. "I think," she told a reporter, "that any boy who doesn't believe in disarmament should be shot." . . . A sensation in the moving picture world is the German talkie *Maedchen in Uniform*; it ran for many weeks in London and Paris and is now winning high praise in this country. It is a story of girls in a Prussian boarding school and has no hero. . . . A queer-looking craft set out recently from Hoboken, New Jersey bound for New Orleans. It was the seatrain *New York*, a floating railroad yard that carries loaded freight cars on a mile of track. The *New York* can go faster than a coastwise freighter and transport cargoes at half the cost of doing so by rail. . . . This fall, Professor Piccard went high above the earth in his special balloon and gondola; Dr. William Beebe descended to new ocean depths in his specially constructed *bathysphere*, a quartz-windowed steel ball made to resist the tremendous pressure of the water on the sea's bottom. All the details of what Beebe saw as he descended were told to the radio world by a telephone connected with his ship.



Old-Fashioned Cheer at Christmas

(Continued from page 29)

they enjoyed the program. We had a sort of pageant, *Mary and Joseph*. Mary was dressed in white, with a blue robe over her shoulders. The three shepherds knelt close by with folded hands, worshipping the Baby. The Star of Bethlehem was the bright star on the Christmas tree.

"The Baby slept quietly in Mary's arms. A shaded light threw a soft glow over the scene, and our captain played *Silent Night* on the piano."

A Small Troop with a Great Heart

The Murray, Kentucky Girl Scouts have only a small troop but their enthusiasm for Community Service belies their numbers:

"We are a very small troop in a small town. We have been organized only about seven months and have eighteen members. For Christmas we had a community Christmas tree in the Court House; we gave toys, gloves and stockings to about a hundred and fifty children, old and new clothing to about fifteen families and baskets of food and fruit to about twenty families. The town donated money and clothes; the Girl Scouts gathered up the things, visited homes all over the town and county; learned ages of children, and invited them to the tree; wrapped all the packages, tagged them and helped to present them to the children."

A Happy Christmas All Round

From out in Portland, Oregon comes an account of the way Girl Scouts there celebrated the holidays.

"On Christmas morning the Portland Girl Scout chorus sang carols at various hospitals.

"Many troops in the city made scrap-books, dressed dolls and provided Christmas baskets for different institutions. A number of plays were given this year—at a woman's club and the Old People's Home.

"The High School Girl Scout League enjoyed a snow trip to Mt. Hood on the last two days of December. About twenty girls and three leaders drove to Battle Axe Inn where they spent two days in winter sports."

Dressing Dolls Is Always Fun

Pawtucket, Rhode Island Girl Scouts were busy dressing dolls last year at Christmas time. Doris Gray writes to us about it:

"The sick and needy children of Pawtucket were made very happy at Christmas by a Girl Scout project. The Pawtucket council used Girl Scout funds to purchase one hundred baby dolls, which were to be dressed by the girls and given to needy children. The dolls were given out in June with instructions necessary for dressing them. By the last of November the dolls had all been collected and were ready for inspection. Mrs. Henry Utter, the wife of one of Rhode Island's leading baby specialists, judged the dolls on the correctness of their clothes as well as on the sewing.

"Prizes of troop charts were presented to the troops having the best dolls. The best ones were delivered personally by Girl Scouts to shut-in cases.

"The dolls were very well dressed, some having whole layettes, and the Pawtucket council was very proud of this project."

A Fortress of Health



A famous Medical Center in New York City

IN peace-time as well as in war-time a hospital is a fortress of health.

Our fine, modern hospitals are the richest storehouses in the world of medical knowledge and skill. They are health centers which guard the people of their communities.

While your hospital is nursing the sick and the injured, its laboratories are finding new ways to protect your health. As a result of medical research in hospitals, many diseases are disappearing.

Modern surgery, aided by skilful nursing in hospitals, restores to health tens of thousands each year.

In the past, people generally have thought of hospitals merely as the best places to which they could go in case of accident or when an operation was unavoidable. Today people are rapidly beginning to realize that the hospital is the best place in which to be in event of any serious illness.

No home, no matter how comfortable, is so well equipped to furnish the many forms of service—any one of which may be needed instantly and imperatively—as a properly conducted hospital.

People unfamiliar with the wide scope of hospital work think only of the patients in hospital beds. One great hospital in New York City treats in its clinics an average of 1400 visiting patients each day. The hospital of the future will play an even greater part in caring for the health of the people. It will be a medical center which radiates health protection.

National, State and County hospitals are supported by taxation. A few private hospitals and sanatoria are on a self-supporting basis. But the great majority of private hospitals are dependent upon endowments and sustaining contributions for bare necessities—proper equipment and needed surgical, medical and nursing staffs.

Appreciate Your Local Hospital.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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Enforced Leisure

(Continued from page 20)

heavily on her strength and speed at left wing. We were all stricken speechless.

Minutes and minutes passed. Nothing happened. Finally Nancy plucked up some courage.

"Are you going to the game, Miss Gordon?" she asked.

"No," replied Gorgon, which was that.

More minutes passed. Through the window we could catch glimpses of brown tunics flashing about on the rink as our team warmed up. Soon they were joined by tunics of Kingsford blue. The whack of stick against puck echoed tantalizingly and we could hear distracted voices paging our imprisoned playmate.

"Scatter! Oh, Scatter, where are you?"

Bingo Baxter plucked desperately at my sleeve and drew me along the hall a little way. There was an air of desperate determination about her.

"Ladder!" she whispered. "I'm going to get the long ladder from the shed and get Scatter out the window. Don't let Gorgon catch on. Talk to her, or something."

She turned on tiptoe to hurry down the hall only to find herself too late. Her retreat was blocked, and thoroughly blocked by Janey, who arrived smiling as usual and somewhat in a hurry.

"Were you waiting for me, girls?" was her greeting.

We shook our heads silently. Anguish was striking a bit deep for words.

"Well," Janey persisted kindly, "is there anything I can do for you?"

Again we shook our heads and Gorgon entered the conversation grimly.

"They are waiting for Sarah Atwell," she told Janey, "and I am waiting for her, too. A rather unfortunate occurrence brought it to mind this morning that Sarah has a number of mathematics corrections carried over from last year which have never been handed in. The understanding was that they be given to me the first day of school in the fall. As they have not been completed I wish to place Sarah on probation until they are done."

"Oh, Miss Gordon!" exclaimed Janey, and we knew by the sound of her voice that she was as much smitten with woe as we three in the corridor and that imprisoned one in the store closet. "Oh, not today, Miss Gordon. Won't tomorrow do just as well? It would break Sarah's heart—"

She bit off her words sharply. Undermining discipline in front of the girls is not done at the Oak Tree.

But Gorgon was adamant.

"This has gone on long enough," she declared firmly. "A pupil whose work is in arrears beyond a period of time automatically goes on probation. This period for Sarah has long since passed. I have been far too lenient in her case already."

Too lenient! She had forgotten all about it until Scatter's books lit on her head.

Janey stood still and wracked her brains. Outside on the rink activity increased as the moment to begin approached. Cries for Scatter had ceased. Apparently she had been given up as hopeless, although it seemed strange that no frenzied messengers had pelted through the building searching for

her. She couldn't understand why that was.

Suddenly Janey turned to us and we knew that she was about to ask that point blank question, "Where is Sarah?" to which there was no possible answer save, "In the store closet."

But Gorgon saved us, the old nut.

"They don't know where she is," she told our principal. "They're waiting for her, too."

"Hummm," remarked Janey pensively and strolled to the window.

Outside we heard the official shrill of a whistle and we knew that the game between Oak Tree and Kingsford was on, with Scatter

and guarded by three reverent youngsters from the lower school.

Dumbly we clung to one another while Janey smiled sweetly upon us.

"Best left wing we've had in years," she declared complacently with a glance at the office window, as she joined in the applause for a clever feint of Scatter's which landed her and the puck within striking distance of Kingsford's goal.

But joy was destined to be short lived. Old Gorgon apparently had the habit of looking out of windows, too. We had scarcely settled ourselves to the task of egg-ing Scatter on to new and more spectacular efforts than we heard a puffing behind us, and there was Gorgon toiling over the snowy playground, white with rage.

We never knew what she said to Janey. They stood aside and Janey kept her temper like the good sport she is. But, after all, rules are rules, and anyhow Janey had made most of them herself. So since she is nothing if not consistent, she had to give in.

Reluctantly she spoke to Cappy who stood by the side lines. The whistle was blown for time and Scatter was hailed from the rink to her doom. We were near enough to hear what went on at that time.

"Math corrections, Miss Madison?" In Scatter's voice was the hurt surprise of one whose conscience is clean and at rest, yet at the same time she grinned happily and twisted her forelock around and around on her finger. "Yes, I *did* have some corrections to do for Miss Gordon, but they are in her desk. I left them there some time ago."

Scatter returned proudful to her place on the left wing and on her way she took pains to skate close to Bingo and Nancy and me. Smirking gleefully upon us she burst into song—

"And all that time with my elbow bent
I fiddled away at math corrections
Finished them up for the old Gorgon."

Later after the shouting and the tumult had died and we had become somewhat accustomed to the fact that a member of our class had been largely responsible for Oak Tree's having beaten Kingsford for the first time in years, we found out what had happened. Scatter could hardly wait to tell us about it.

"I heard what went on," she explained, giving her red forelock an ecstatic twirl, "and I knew that my time of enforced leisure had arrived. So I tucked Johnny Madison under my arm and climbed out the window and edged along the ledge to the next window which is Gorgon's own."

Scatter shuddered at that memory and we shuddered with her for that ledge is narrow and the fall is long. Nobody but Scatter would have tried such a thing.

"It was kind of scary," she admitted, "but I landed safely, did my corrections, stuck them in Gorgon's desk and that was that. And, by the way, Bingo," she ended graciously, "thanks ever so much for the break about waiting for me. It helped no end to have Gorgon anchored there in the office all that time, you know."

We Are Poets

WE are the ones who suffer,
We are the ones who feel,
With our hearts and souls.
The scorn that falls to our lot,
The misunderstanding,
Serves to spur us on
To newer and greater heights,
That we may be remembered—
When we are dead.
We are the poets.
Every love and hate
And suffering of ours
Is put down on cold white paper
In steel blue ink,
For the world to read—
And laugh at.
And yet,
The compensation is great.
For—
We are poets!

ELISE KAUDERS

ter, our mainstay at left wing, and Johnny Madison, our mascot, blockaded in the closet.

"I'm going to tell," hissed Bingo, driven to desperation.

But I gripped her elbow.

"Keep still," I besought her. "You've done enough already."

Janey turned to us with her pleasant smile.

"Let's go down and watch the game, girls," she said. "I don't think that Sarah will be here for a while, do you?"

"No, ma'am," we murmured and, leaving old Gorgon mistress of the miserable situation, we trailed drearily to the hockey rink, our heads full of visions of possible ladders for a rescue act as soon as we could get away from Janey.

But once beside the rink we stood petrified, our mouths hanging wide in amazement. For, behold, tearing down the left wing, her legs flashing, her red hair a glory in the sunshine, was our long lost and heavily mourned Scatter. And on the side lines, occupying a bench all by himself was Johnny Madison, sitting on Scatter's brown sweater

Phantom on the Ice

(Continued from page 15)

grim as he laid her on a living room settee and turned abruptly to face Dr. Holman.

"You scared this poor child half out of her mind," he snapped. "Didn't I tell you to take Jabe to your house instead of leaving him here?"

The physician was kneeling over the white-faced girl as Ellen tried to sit up. "What did I do?" she asked. "Did I pass out completely?"

Dr. Holman nodded. "But you're all right now. Just lie easy."

To Ellen's lips came a brief smile. "Well, I beat Old Jabe at his own distance," she said, as if to brave her terror. "I trimmed him by twenty yards in two miles."

Roger Harrison stared strangely at her. "What's that?" he demanded.

Ellen set stockinged feet down on the floor and rubbed aching temples. Then she looked up at the two amazed men. "I raced your famous Jabez Binney from here to Dr. Holman's house. He never got the lead once! I beat him honestly!"

Roger Harrison's brows puckered. "You did what?"

"I raced with Old Jabe from here to the doctor's. You know, the man in the cellar—in that picture over there."

Tall Roger Harrison glanced wonderingly at the physician. Then, walking to the wall near the cabin door, he took down the photograph in the maple frame and handed it to the girl. "Read what's on the back," he told her. "Then repeat what you just said."

On the reverse of the framed picture was pasted a newspaper clipping. Ellen, leaning under a lamp beside the settee, read:

"The figure of Jabez Binney, Vermont's greatest ice skater, looked on from a corner of the Binney Clubhouse tonight while some of his modern disciples held a dinner to commemorate his death in 1831.

"There was nothing gruesome in the wax model of Old Jabe, for it was seated in a chair and clothed in Binney's own garments of a hundred years ago. It looked natural enough to speak. The head was made from life, showing him as a red-cheeked, kindly, outdoor old man. He was wearing the tight-fitting trousers of the 1830's. On his head was a black hat that he often wore, and his famous ice runners were on his feet.

"The figure, jealously guarded by the Skating Club, was made at Binney's own request. A passage in his will directed: 'My face and body will be caused to be modeled in wax in such a manner that the whole figure may be seated in the armchair usually occupied by me when resting from an ice race.' He also requested that the figure be shown whenever his friends should commemorate him and stationed in such a part of the room as shall seem meet."

"Binney's instructions were followed implicitly. The figure, which

usually is kept in Dr. T. J. Holman's house in a mysterious wooden case, was taken to the Skating Lodge on Four Mile Creek for tonight's dinner, and the box was removed to reveal Binney sitting in his chair. The figure, in its case, was stored in the Lodge cellar after the merry celebration."

Ellen's heart pumped regularly, though it pumped fast. The color that had left her face earlier in the evening began to return. But her mind again was seething. For if the figure in the basement was a dummy with a modeled wax head, who was the skater that had followed her that tortured two miles? Who could *he* have been?

To Roger Harrison, Ellen put that question. And the tall man, rehanging the picture of the Jabez Binney Skating Club's centennial banquet, motioned her to a window. Dr. Holman's husky police dog was running up the ice of Four Mile Creek, barking loudly.

"See that?" pointed Roger Harrison.

Ellen saw the animal frantically chase the black silhouette of a wolf that ever eluded him. For on the glittering white ice, the moon had thrown the distorted shadow of the dog itself!

"You," said Roger Harrison, "were going down Creek. So Old Jabe in his tight pants chased right after you in your close-fitting riding breeches. He couldn't help himself. When you turned sideways to the moon on the river's bend, the poor old fellow nearly caught up. But because even Jabe's black ghost couldn't be conjured up in the shadow of Dr. Holman's house, you finally out-distanced him." The tall man was smiling.

Remembering the panic that had held her as she fled those interminable two miles on the glistening ice to the doctor's, Ellen was silent for a moment. Then, for the first time since she had entered the big log cabin that afternoon, the girl of the curly blond bob breathed deeply and easily.

A smile spread over her lovely face. "And I thought I was the only person who ever outskated Old Jabe on his own ice!"

Mrs. Harrison's voice joined the sympathetic laughter that filled the Lodge.

"You just come up in February for the Carnival. Judging by the time you made tonight, my dear, you'll win the two-mile event hands down. And," Mrs. Harrison pointed with her left hand toward the doctor whom Ellen that night had summoned so quickly, "and if you do come, we'll make Tom keep Jabez Binney at home where he belongs, if you want us to."

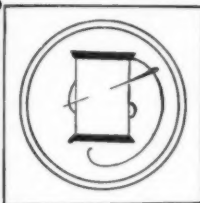
"Oh, no! I'd like to meet Old Jabe at the annual banquet, I really would. I wouldn't want you to keep him home for anything," Ellen's smile broadened. Her unreasonable horror of the lodge and its surroundings had disappeared entirely with the solving of the mystery. "Having raced him professionally, I'd like to know him—er, socially."



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of leather, raffia and reed
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The Laughing Princess

(Continued from page 24)

shadow of a doorway and stood in front of her. She halted and looked up at him. Fear laid its icy hand upon her as she saw his evil face, and as she realized that he had been drinking.

"What a pretty maid to be out alone on a cold afternoon like this!" he said. "Come within this tavern and get warm—a beaker of red wine will quicken your heart—"

He made as if to grasp her by the arm but she avoided him. However, he was quicker than she thought; he caught her cloak as she tried to slip past him.

"Not so fast, my pretty one," he said. "Now you *must* come with me!"

Rosamond tried vainly to shake free her cloak. Then out of the shadows there came a tall, broad-shouldered figure followed closely by a smaller one and a man's deep voice said in French but with an English accent, "What's happening here?"

Undaunted, the man who was still holding fast to Rosamond threw back his head and snarled up at the taller man like an angry cur. Rosamond heard the familiar swish of a sword being drawn from its scabbard as the tall man said, "When I count three she shall be free or I will run my sword through your hand!"

With a whine of hate the drunkard released Rosamond and snarling curses went reeling back into the tavern whence he had come a short while back.

"Are you hurt, little maid?" the tall Englishman said still in French but with the broad, familiar accent.

But Rosamond did not answer his question. Instead she raised shining eyes to his face as she breathed in a low voice, "Oh, tell me, are you Master Bolton?" She used the name that her mother had said her father had taken, too, when he went to France. The Englishman put his sword back into his scabbard before he answered.

"No, I am sorry, maid. My name is Willoughby. Is there someone you would seek by the name of Bolton?"

"Yes. He is my father," Rosamond answered quite before she realized that she was pouring out her secret to this stranger. The smaller, darker man had drawn closer. Rosamond seeing his face distinctly for the first time did not like it and drew back.

"This Bolton you speak of is a friend to the King of England—" he hissed in a voice full of hatred. "And if you are his daughter—you are friendly, too—"

"Of course," Rosamond answered proudly.

The tall Englishman laughed in a deep, pleasant way and turned to his companion.

"Come, Luigi," he said laying his hand on the small man's shoulder. "You do not quarrel with little maids. What if she is loyal to her King? Let her keep her illusions for a space. She will find as you and I have done that loyalty is only thrown in your face—that Kings and Queens, too, will take it and trample it beneath their feet—"

Rosamond listened to him with hot tears of disappointment in her eyes. She had thought as she had seen his handsome figure outlined against the scarlet evening sky that at last she had found her father. But he had denied it openly and now he spoke like this—in a manner her father would never use. She drew herself up proudly.

"I thank you, sir, for aiding me. And now I must be on my way." She turned to walk off but the Englishman stopped her.

"Wait a bit," he said. Then turning to the small, dark man he said, "We'll take this maiden to her destination. If you prefer to wait for me in yonder tavern do so."

But the dark man shook his head impatiently. "No, I'll come with you. But it is a waste of precious time—"

"I do not think so. She is far too sweet a maid to walk these streets alone. And I shall see her home, if I may," he added bowing low. Rosamond was most grateful and the Englishman called a coach and drove with her to the palace. The little dark man grumbled in his corner. The coach stopped before the small door of the palace and as the Englishman got out and helped Rosamond to alight he said in a low voice, "If I should see Master Bolton some time, is there a message you would like to send to him?"

Rosamond nodded.

"Oh, yes," she cried. "Please tell him that I'm here in Paris. That I am maid-in-waiting to Queen Mary and that my mother sends her love and loyalty to him—"

The tall man bowed and kissed Rosamond's small cold hand.

"I shall remember every word and if I ever see him, I shall tell him what a sweet daughter he has."

"And tell him that I yearn to see him and if he could get some word to me that I would meet him anywhere—any place."

"I shall remember," the man said again.

Luigi called crossly from the coach. "Are you to stay all evening here, while I am freezing with the cold? Hurry, Willoughby, can't you! Hurry, I am cold."

"Goodnight," Rosamond said softly, "and thank you. I am truly grateful to you."

The small door opened and the guard stood aside to let her pass. She slipped in quietly, and went directly to Queen Mary. She told of her adventures and gave the Queen the papers and the key.

Rosamond was never to forget her first impression of Cluny Mansion when they went there the following day. There are some places that have the precious breath of romance woven in their very walls. Cluny was one of these. They entered the courtyard through an arched gateway in the crenellated walls and found themselves facing a graceful octagonal turret beside a well. Mary ran about like a child, she was so delighted with the place. They moved that afternoon, a retinue of servants going first to put the place in order. Mary took only Rosamond with her.

One day after they had been settled about two weeks, the two girls were seated in a long, sun-flooded room when a servant entered. Behind him came a woman's figure in broad green hat and traveling cloak. Mary looked up with sweet surprise. Mistress Marjorie hurried forward, her hands outstretched. When she reached the Queen's side, she dropped down on her knees beside her.

"Lady Marjorie!" Mary cried, "what brings you here to France?"

The older woman dropped onto the chair indicated by the Queen. She untied the ribbons of her large green hat, slipped the soft green gauntlets from her hands.

"Have you news of home?" Mary asked like a homesick child. Marjorie nodded gayly.

"I cannot find words to tell you how we've missed you at Court," Lady Marjorie went on. "I've heard some say it's as if the sun had gone out since you did leave us. There were many who missed you—for a while." And then she caught her pink lips between her white teeth as though she would have back the words that had somehow slipped out. Mary, who had been swept off her feet by Marjorie's first words of flattery, now shook her head.

"And who was that," she asked, "who missed me for a little space?"

"None—none—we were all broken-hearted," Marjorie hurried on.

But Mary, used to her own way, stamped her foot.

"Do not lie to me, Mistress Marjorie. I would know at once who missed me 'for

a little while! Tell me that immediately."

"I'm sorry that I let a silly bit of gossip slip out that way," Marjorie said, biting her lips again.

"Go on," Mary commanded.

"It was Charles Brandon I was thinking of," Lady Marjorie said. "He missed you very sorely, that I know. For every evening he would come a-knocking at my door to ask of word from you. But soon I heard that he had gone back to Scotland to visit little Mistress Monica who lately has become the toast of the Scottish court. She is a sweet young thing of fifteen and as pretty as a spray of hawthorn in blossom. There are rumors that Charles wants to wed her—but I do not know."

If Lady Marjorie thought she would make the widowed Queen show her unhappiness, she was sorely disappointed for Mary had been schooled in many forms of self-control the last few months. So now she merely smiled and said she wished him joy and would most like to meet the Lady Monica. Then turning to Rosamond she bade her ring for a servant to show Mistress Marjorie to a room where she might rest and refresh herself. Mistress Marjorie rose and followed him, holding high her riding skirts to show her pretty boots of soft green leather and a-looking everywhere as she went.

Mary turned to Rosamond once the door had shut, her eyes like a wounded dove's as she said, "Did you hear what she said? This Lady Monica! I hate her bitterly!"

"I don't believe a word of it!" Rosamond stoutly declared. "I think it is a pack of lies. I would not trust the Lady Marjorie from here to that chair! She loves Charles Brandon. That I'm sure of although you'll not believe me. I fear Mistress Marjorie, for if she hears that King Francis wishes you to bend to his will there's not a thing she will not do to aid him. Can you not send her back to England?" Rosamond asked eagerly.

"Now that she's just arrived? How can I?" Mary said. "It would be ungracious."

"I do not know. But try to think of some way. She dislikes your Majesty, even though her words are honied," Rosamond said.

"I'll not keep her underneath my roof," Mary declared. "I'll send her to the Court." And so she did that very afternoon.

A week later there came a messenger from King Henry of England. Mary snatched the packet, tore open the red seals.

"It's time he answered me," she declared as she fell to reading. When she finished she thrust the note into Rosamond's eager hands.

"Read it, child, and tell me that these eyes of mine do not deceive me! My brother has written that he is sending Charles Brandon to bear me condolence! Is this true?"

Rosamond read the letter and nodded. "It is true," she said.

The King of England for some strange reason of his own was sending the man his widowed sister loved to console her. Mary snatched the letter back and read it through again, her cheeks drained of all their pretty color.

"I see it all," she said bitterly. "He has wed the Lady Monica and my brother now feels safe to send him as his emissary. If he has wed the Lady Monica, there is no hope for me—oh, don't you see?"

"I don't think (Continued on page 38)

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Mother,

Father and Brother



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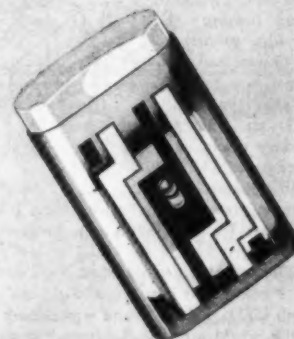
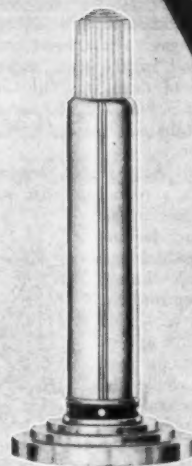
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EVEREADY
WIRELESS-ELECTRIC
LIGHT

The Laughing Princess

(Continued from page 37)

he's married Monica or anyone else," Rosamond said bluntly. "I cannot believe that."

After that Mary would not leave the house for fear she would miss Charles Brandon. But one day she grew impatient of her fruitless waiting.

"Come, Rosamond, we'll go and have a bout of shopping," she said. So Rosamond ordered the big old rumbling coach with its golden emblem of royalty on the door. The coach was large and had lots of room inside. The girls enjoyed the ride through the narrow streets. Soon the seat across from them was piled with bolts of silk and satin and two cloaks of soft swansdown, for Mary had a whim to buy two just alike, one for herself, one for Rosamond.

They were laughing merrily at some tale Rosamond was telling when the big coach rumbled through the Mansion gates. A footman leapt down from behind and opened wide the door. Rosamond sprang out first and Mary followed after, holding up her long dark skirts in either hand. As they turned to enter the house they both stopped short and Mary gave a low sweet cry, for two figures stood by the well under the yew trees. One of them was tall Charles Brandon, his hat in his hand. His eyes were like hungry mouths that yearned to eat up the young Queen.

The other tall figure came forward. It was Hugh, with a round soft hat with a purple plume held in his hand and a sword clanking against his slender legs. Rosamond flung herself upon him and began to cry. For once, Hugh let her do it, holding her close against his heart, his strong arms tight about her. Suddenly, however, Rosamond remembered the training of the Court, all of which she had forgotten at sight of Hugh. She dried her eyes and loosened her hold on his arm. Then turning, she led him prettily to the Queen and presented him to her.

"This is my brother, Hugh," she said.

Mary was her gracious self. "This is the dearest maid I know whom you have for sister. I know not what I should have done without her in this alien land," she said.

"One could do naught but know himself thrice blessed to have your wish his law," Hugh said so seriously and with such a man of the world air that Rosamond looked at him in round-eyed surprise. Mary laughed deliciously at the compliment.

"I have heard so much about this noble brother," she said with a gay light in her eyes, for she loved to tease. "He is the greatest archer in the world, if I remember rightly. Next best to none with the sword. And the handsomest lad in England or in France!" She tabulated all the things upon her slim white fingers and then laughed gayly at Rosamond's obvious discomfiture.

"My sister is inclined to exaggerate in

some things," Hugh said, "but in her description of your beauty and your graciousness she spoke only the truth."

Rosamond raised her eyes and stared at him. This from Hugh, who never to her knowledge had turned a pretty speech in all his life! Mary noticed the change in Rosamond's expression and laughed harder than before. But then her heart was very light this day because of tall Charles Brandon by her side and no sign anywhere of Lady Monica.

"Silly one!" she cried. "Do you not know that a brother does not turn such pretty speeches for a sister's ears! He needs a different maid for that!" And now it was Rosamond's brother's turn to blush and he did so. Once again the young Queen laughed and finally all joined her.

"Take your brother to a quiet place where you can be alone and he can tell you all the news of home that must be burning on his lips," she said. "You have been lonely here."

brain! But lo, he stands before me and I lose my breath! She was right, it seems."

"My sister is always given to exaggeration," Hugh began, with such a silly look upon his handsome face that Rosamond could have slapped him. "Only when she told me of your beauty did she speak the truth for once!"

Rosamond stared at him. Was the boy a fool, she thought? And had he just learned by heart this pretty speech which he had tried already upon the Queen herself? Did he plan to get through France on it? Anne was still smiling up at him. Her black eyes were a-gleam, her little teeth were showing like a cat's between her scarlet lips. She was always attractive. Now she reveled in this latest compliment. Rosamond could see that Hugh was much impressed by Anne's pretty talk; that then and there he might offer to spend his time telling her of England. So she stepped forward with a little smile and laid her hand firmly upon his arm.

"We must do Queen Mary's bidding—" she told him. "I'll take you to my room now, where we can talk."

Anne stood to let them pass and there was an extra ounce of sweetness in the smile she turned on Hugh. And when Rosamond led Hugh down the corridor, his swagger was far bolder than it had been before. She took him to her own room, poured soft rain water in a great glass bowl, brought him fresh linen to dry his hands and face.

"Have you heard or seen anything of our father?" Hugh asked when he had refreshed himself and they sat together on the window seat overlooking the garden in the rear of the house. Then Rosamond told him of her adventure on the day that she had gone

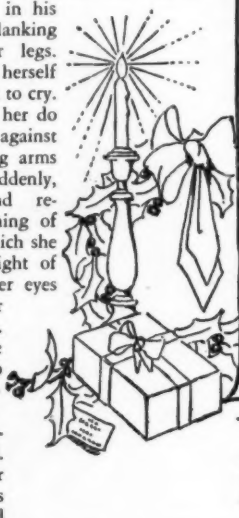
to the monks at Cluny to obtain the key and papers for Queen Mary and described Master Willoughby to him in every detail.

"I thought that at last I'd found him," she said with a sigh.

"Luigi must be an Italian. Our father would not go with Italians, for Italy is now at war with Spain and tries to hurt us, too, with her dirty spies. No, this Willoughby does not in the least sound like our father—but you say he knew of him. Where does Willoughby live? Did you think to ask him that?" Hugh demanded.

"Yes," Rosamond answered, "of course I did. But he said he was not staying in the city. He said that he was here and there and everywhere and that he never knew where he might lay his head at night."

"However, I shall seek him. Now that



A

ET WINDS BLEW—

Six bells by the chronometer. Time for everyone at Dead Man's Choice to be stirring. Overhead in the sleeping quarters of her father's life-saving crew Ruth could hear the surfmen arising. But "weather making" on this day of all days—

CODE OF THE COAST

By

Clarice N. Detzer

in the January issue is breath-taking from first to last. Do not miss it!

Rosamond and Hugh walked across the courtyard together and mounted the stone steps. In the center of the doorway stood Anne Boleyn in a scarlet cloak. She bore a message to Queen Mary, so she said.

"But who is this tall gallant?" she asked, raising her black eyes to Hugh and smiling her prettiest.

"My brother Hugh," Rosamond answered and added in introduction, "Anne Boleyn, a Lady of the Court. I've often told you of her, Hugh."

"Oh, Master Hugh!" Anne Boleyn cried out, making him a sweeping curtsy as she spoke, "I've heard of little else but of your greatness with the sword and bow and arrow. I'm overjoyed to meet you in the flesh. I feared that such a paragon of virtue could only be a creature of your sister's

I am here I shall find our father very soon. It was because you told Charles Brandon all about it and that he loved our father dearly that he sent for me when he heard that he was coming to France," Hugh told her. "I shall always be grateful to him for doing so."

Rosamond's eyes shone with delight at the thought that she might at last see her father. It seemed too good to be true after all the years of waiting.

"And shall we join the Princess?" she said at last when she had heard all the news of home.

They got to their feet and hand in hand went to find the Princess and Charles Brandon. They came at last to a small private room that opened off a larger one, and here Rosamond stopped upon the threshold. She saw the young widowed Queen within, sitting on a couch with Charles Brandon. He was holding her slender hands in both of his. She turned and motioned to Hugh to follow her and they went into the room next door to wait. Suddenly the Lady Marjorie flew into the room. Her hair was mussed, her cloak covered with dust, her face ghastly. She looked as though she had received a severe shock.

"Is it true what that vixen of an Anne Boleyn returned to court a-saying? That Charles Brandon has come here from England and is closeted now with the Queen?" she demanded. "Why should he come here to France?"

Hugh had risen when she had entered the room and now he spoke sharply to the girl.

"I cannot think that you, a lady of the Court, should so address my sister," he said pointedly, for there had been no greeting between them.

Suddenly Lady Marjorie's manner changed. She turned and smiled at Hugh. "I'm sorry if I did speak hastily. Will you forgive me, Rosamond?" she asked sweetly. Before the girl could answer, she turned and left the room. Rosamond drew a sigh of relief at her departure.

"I trust her not," she said and began to tell Hugh of her dislike of Lady Marjorie, and the reasons for it. Her brother listened with interest.

Suddenly Rosamond held up her hand for silence. "What is that?" she asked in a low whisper. "I thought I heard something outside the door. It sounded as though some one wished not to be heard walking past this room."

"Why nothing but the sound of some one passing," Hugh replied. "Can no one pass the sill but you must jump and shake? That is foolish. What have you to fear that you should start?"

But Rosamond held her finger against her lips and tiptoed to the door. Then peeping through a crack, for it was half-way open, she saw that Lady Marjorie was creeping down the corridor towards the room where Mary sat alone with Charles Brandon. But the thing that turned Rosamond's heart cold was the sight of a tall, muffled figure in a wide, plumed hat following Lady Marjorie with cat-like tread. Rosamond flew back to Hugh motioning him to follow after her.

"Quick!" she cried and snatched his hand. "It is the King!"

The King! Rosamond's quick wit and loyal heart dare desperately to save her

Queen. In return Fate rewards her a thrilling and unexpected disclosure—in the January issue.

What has happened so far in the story

Rosamond Bolton lives with her mother and Hugh, her brother, not many miles from London. Her father had been sent away from England when Rosamond was a baby, after refusing to obey what he considered an unjust command of King Henry the Seventh. His family remained in the house that they had occupied when he left, hoping that he might return to them some day.

Rosamond awakes one morning to the sound of a hunter's horn. Fearing for the safety of a young fox she had penned in the garden, she runs from the house and discovers that the fox has escaped. As she reaches the gate she meets the hunting party riding up, and she calls to the leader, a large, handsome man, and begs him to stop his hounds, unaware that he is Henry the Eighth. Laughing a little at Rosamond's strange request, the hunter does as she asks him. The girl, sorry to have ruined their sport, invites the party into the garden for a draught of her mother's mead. As she helps serve the guests Rosamond is startled at her own likeness to a young lady of the hunting party who seems to be a sister of the leader. The other girl notices it too, as does the King.

That evening as Rosamond and Hugh sit studying, the sound of a horse's hoof-beats arouses them, and shortly afterward a messenger of the King arrives at their cottage. He tells Mistress Bolton that the Princess, who was much attracted to Rosamond, wishes to have her come to court, and the girl accompanies him back there that very evening. So after a swift ride to London on a pillion behind the messenger, Rosamond finds herself established in court life, the guest of the Princess Mary!

After Rosamond has been a guest of the Princess for a few days the latter tells her that the King of France has sent an ambassador to ask for her hand in marriage, to which Mary has agreed, in spite of her love for Charles Brandon, and although the proposal has made her most unhappy.

King Henry comes to Rosamond one morning and tells her that she is to be sent home for a visit, and that on her return he wishes her to go to France with the Princess Mary, as a lady-in-waiting! Preparations are made for the trip and the Princess is married by proxy to the French King, after securing the promise of her brother that upon the death of her husband, who is then an old man, she may marry Charles Brandon, whom King Henry will make a duke.

On the day of the wedding Rosamond learns that Charles Brandon knew her father well—and that he was a cousin, twice removed, of the King and Princess, a fact which accounts for Rosamond's resemblance to the Princess.

Before the girls leave for France the Queen cautions Rosamond to watch over the Princess, and gives her from her own finger a ring which Rosamond is to return to the Queen if Mary is ever in trouble and needs the Queen's help.

At last the party arrives in France, and Mary takes her place in court as the French queen!



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THE GIRL AND HER FUTURE

By HELEN HOERLE

Introduction by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt \$2.00

HARRISON SMITH & ROBERT HAAS, INC.
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by Hazel Rawson Cades

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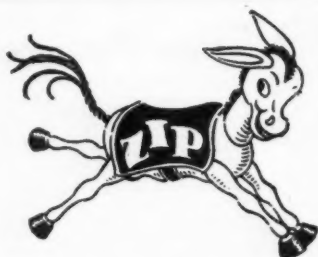


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Christmas Books

By

SOPHIE

GOLDSMITH

RACHEL FIELD'S *Hepatica Hawks* (Macmillan) is just as naturally first on our list as though it had feet and had walked into our library first of all the books; instead of having been long awaited with the torturing possibility that *maybe* it wouldn't get to us in time for that Christmas list. You remember that first sentence in *Little Women*—

"Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents," grumbled Jo.

That is the way we feel about Rachel Field's books. Thank goodness *Hepatica* arrived on time, all six feet, four and a quarter inches of her, "in her stockings". She is dressed appropriately in the most beautiful blue and silver paper jacket we have ever seen on a book; appropriately because, in addition to the fact that she was named for the blue hepatica whose name her father first learned the night she was born, she was, during the first part of her story, inclined to blue and brooding moods because her size set her apart from the fun and companionship of girls and boys her own age.

Hepatica was a circus freak. Her father was Hallelujah Hawks, the giant, and her best friends Titania Tripp, the midget, Mabel, the fat woman, and Flossie, the snake charmer. She was greeted only by stares and nudges by the outside world, so when Tony Quinn came along and treated her almost exactly as he did other girls, her lonely and affectionate nature seized avidly on this new friendship. Tony joined the show, thanks to her pleas in his behalf, and there is something infinitely pathetic in the tremendous difference he makes in her strange life. Chi Chi, the monkey, seems to be the only one who really understands her deep excitement, but Patty is deprived of the real consolation of his society when she needs it most. The wistful note which underlies the whole story is beautifully sustained. One fears that the human Patty is not entirely compensated for by the professional success which comes to her from an entirely unsuspected talent—but one can only

gulp and hope, and turn back to reread the lovely bits scattered everywhere throughout the story.

Ranch and Ring by Florence Crannell Means (Houghton Mifflin) brings us in touch with another generous and big-hearted heroine. Janey is luckier than *Hepatica*, however. We have met and admired her before in *A Candle in the Mist*, and somehow in Miss Means's stories we cannot be quite sure whether Janey or Grandma is the heroine! Haakon Haakonson would doubtless insist that Janey is, however, and he always gets his own way—usually a good one.

The period of the story is that directly following the death of Horace Greeley. The glimpses of Colorado in the days when its ranches were recruited from first come, first served, are most interesting. From Colorado, Haakon writes so exultantly to Janey, teaching Normal School in Minnesota, that she resolves to try the climate for her friend Susan. It is not easy to secure the consent of her own devoted family but, with Grandma's dauntless companionship and the promise of another teaching position there, the girls set out. Janey is a born pioneer. The greater the difficulties she has to encounter, the more determined she becomes. Haakon has entered into a disastrous partnership, and the precious ranch bids fair to be a failure. But he is courageous and grimly determined, and Janey and her allies are loyal and resourceful. That is a quartet of qualities there is no resisting. There is a fresh, invigorating swing to the story, and the characters and situations stand out clear-cut and vividly before us.

The Ragged Staff by C. M. Edmonston and M. L. Hyde (Longmans, Green) is another tale of dauntless courage, set in the time of the Wars of the Roses in England, 1644. We are given a warm and living portrayal of the great Earl of Warwick, called the King Maker, of his adored daughter Anne, of the sinister figure of Richard of Gloucester. Against Richard, Robin Fetyplace matches his wits and strength when circumstances have tragically altered for

Anne. Indeed, even in a period famous for its swift and bloody changes, it does not seem credible that Anne's life could be so brutally torn from its apparently impregnable position. It is a thrilling tale, told with the same qualities of intimate description and easy narration which once made Miss Yonge's *Two Penniless Princesses* an universal favorite.

The Stars of Sabra by Augusta Huiell Seaman (Doubleday, Doran) transports us to a still different period—in fact, to a combination of periods, for there is a mixture in it of the long-past and the very-much-present. Penelope Bayard comes by chance upon the "commonplace book", or diary, of Felicity Bayard. And what a book it proves! Anything but "commonplace" from its date of 1778 in faded ink to its last abrupt entry, it gives modern Penelope and her friend Hope one breathless session after another. Written in the quaint wording of colonial days, sprinkled with capitals and couched in the prim terms of the period, it would not seem promising material for an absorbing mystery story. But it proves to be so far-reaching that its results are beyond the wildest expectations of the girls; even of Dizzy, the small brother detective whose services are originally enlisted to keep him quiet, and who finally proves to be indispensable. Sabra was a slave in Felicity's household; and it is by means of the "stars" by which she makes her marks that a certain old secretary desk finally yields up its stubborn and important secrets. It is a tale written in a racy and lively vein, the interest of which is unflaggingly sustained.

Having had our fill of fiction for a time, you may like to take a look at the books-of-the-month which afford food for reflection as well as entertainment. *The Girl and Her Future* by Helen Hoerle (Harrison Smith and Robert Haas) immediately attracts us by its compelling title. Even during the Christmas holidays, any concrete suggestion about the day when you will be entirely on your own, trying to turn your time to the best possible account, is most welcome.

There have been a number of books dealing with careers for girls—usually told from the standpoint of women who have long stood triumphantly prominent in some special and difficult field. This book gives in its introduction a long list of women in a great variety of occupations; women who, although they are well established in their different kinds of work, are not yet, with a few exceptions such as Amelia Earhart, so prominent that that very fact is rather discouraging to some readers. Still in the act of making their reputations, still in the world of work and not yet resting on their laurels, the contributors to this book give information as to conditions of work, expectations and salaries, in positions ranging from statistician, florist, literary broker and optometrist, through realtor, jeweler, scenario editor, public relations executive, to many other fields.

These are not yet so overcrowded or so familiar to the general public, as are those of the arts, professions and the kinds of business usually presented in books of this nature. It will give girls new ideas for their possible future work, and is a valuable contribution indeed to a perpetually changing subject.

Good Looks for Girls by Hazel Rawson Cades (Harcourt, Brace) is one of the best and sanest books imaginable on the subject.

We all know Miss Cades through her articles in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. In this book she treats the important matters concerning personal appearance with frankness and marked thoroughness. There is nothing superficial in the helpful and constructive chapters on "Making Your Face", "Your Tools", "Your Clothes Relations", "What About Perfume"—the temptation is to give a complete list of all the chapters. It is exceptionally well thought out and well written, and will be a boon to the girl who requires its direction.

The paper jacket of *Mashinka's Secret* by Sonia Daugherty (Stokes), the Russian wife of the illustrator James Daugherty whose work is familiar to most of us, shows a Christmas-y picture of a sleigh full of laughing girls drawn by prancing horses. It is, however, evidently not an American Christmas, for in the distance are towers and turrets, never part of one of our own cities. This is the story of Mashinka, a Russian girl, who accompanies Tania, a cripple, on a visit to Moscow made in the hope that the doctor there will cure her. There is little action in the story, but it gives an interesting picture of life in three different kinds of Russian households—the aristocratic, the professional, and the revolutionary—before the days of the great Russian Revolution. There is much lively detail about games and festivals, and about the sports of Russian young people, with a touch of the Nihilist plots with which Russia was honeycombed.

Nikita by Frances B. Phelps (Harcourt, Brace) also has a hint of a Nihilist plot—it develops late in the checkered and rather incredible career of its hero. Nikita's grandmother awakens one morning from a dream, convinced that her son, who is Nikita's father, fighting in Siberia, is in danger and needs them both. She insists upon leaving their little village, unknown to anyone, and going to him. On the way she dies, and young Nikita is left entirely alone. He is penniless and bewildered in a strange train, rushing to a city of which he knows nothing. His adventures form the theme of the book which, like *Mashinka's Secret*, gives pictures of prerevolutionary Russia.

The most appealing of these books on the Russia of that time, however, is *Katrinka Grows Up* by Helen Eggleston Haskell (Dutton). Katrinka's life as a member of the Russian Imperial Ballet is the most interesting imaginable, in its rigid discipline and its colorful associations. Sofia Sovarnoff, another ballet dancer who lives in the same lodgings as Katrinka, is in constant rebellion against the Court requirements to which the dancers are absolutely subject. Katrinka, however, is devoted to her Czar no matter how unreasonable the demands made upon her. She loves the stately beauty of Court functions, the emotional uplift of the great religious festivals. All Russia is seething with a discontent similar to but far more dangerous than that of Sofia, and finally the Revolution bursts upon Petrograd. It is a story packed with excitement, and with all the charm which made the first book, *Katrinka*, a favorite when it appeared a few years ago.

These are stories of the old Russia. The Russia of 1932 is well presented to us by an American school girl, Judy Acheson, in her book *Young America Looks at Russia* (Stokes). Judy is a fine traveler. She can talk about most (Continued on page 42)

There Are Fine Heroines in These Four Books



Mountain Girl

By Genevieve Fox

Sairy Ann of Hollybush Creek, Kentucky, longs to go to school, although education is considered a sin by her mountain people. How can she get what she wants, and if she gets it, how ought she to use it? She decides to be a nurse and thereby becomes also a heroine to her people. Genevieve Fox, a favorite *American Girl* author, tells Sairy's story delightfully.

With 11 illustrations.

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Rolling Wheels

By Katharine Grey

The Lamberts of Indiana, including their children, Jerd and Betsy, decide in 1845 to settle in California, and their journey thither becomes historic. Betsy is as staunch a pioneer along the way as any man, and makes us proud of the girls who helped to found our West.

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Ramona

By Helen Hunt Jackson

Ramona, the beautiful daughter of Scotch and Indian parents, is brought up as a Spanish gentlewoman in Southern California in the days when the Indians there are suffering terrible hardships at the hands of the American settlers. Ramona falls in love with Alessandro, the son of a Chief, and shares with him the life of an Indian. Their brief, tragic love story is unforgettable. This is a lovely new edition, made especially to appeal to girls.

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Edited by Montrose J. Moses

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Christmas Books

(Continued from page 41)

of the things she sees and still be entertaining. Many an older traveler cannot do the same. In visiting the camps, schools and factories of Russia she gathers together such details as other people would be most interested in having—details of an entirely new way of living and working in one of the most thrilling of modern experiments. There is an especially funny description of the wedding, some five or six years ago, of a Russian-Armenian friend who was married for the fourth time. This is contrasted, in a terse three-line paragraph, with the weddings so-called of modern Soviet Russia. It is in this terseness and effective contrast that Judy is especially successful in making her pictures vivid and convincing.

Another book by a young writer is *Children's Hour—Station Y. E. F.* by Yvonne Elizabeth Frank (Macaulay). This writer is very much younger than sixteen-year-old Judy. Although her exact age is not given, we take it she is about ten, and we are certain that she must have had a good deal to do with doctors. Tonsils and an appendix appear in a very matter of fact way where other writers would either shiver away from them or neglect them entirely. Some of the stories are uproariously funny, and it is a question who will enjoy them more—we ourselves or our little sisters and brothers. Our own favorite is "Monica and the Prince", the second paragraph of which begins: "One day Monica was delivering some hats and on the way she saw a pond and she wanted some water lilies. So she leaned over and as it was a little too far she fell in; but she did not mind. She took off her clothes and hung them up on a tree to dry, and began to gather lovely water lilies."

Yvonne declares rebelliously that all the children's books she has thus far read have been written by grown-ups—dreadful creatures with "the brain of a dried-up old gentleman or a lady with a fat stomach". Of course, that makes some writers squirm a bit, but the poor things really cannot be blamed if the literary life has a bad effect on their respective silhouettes. A young writer who already has the imagination to give us *Daring Edgar*, the doughty fellow "who never stopped to think whether the princess wanted to marry him or not, but just knew that he wanted to marry her", might well launch her fancy a bit further and give a kind thought to those poor, condemned grown-ups.

Another writer, or rather, an illustrator who apparently agrees with Yvonne, is Nura, who gives us a book which will make

an ideal Christmas present for our very small brothers and sisters. The title of the book is, mysteriously, *Stories by —* (Mergentime Publishing Co.) and, upon opening it, we find on each page a picture of children engaged in some absorbing activity or in the midst of some party exactly representing the party feeling of little children. Opposite these intriguing pictures there is, not the story explaining the picture, but a tempting blank page, on which the children may write their own stories. No grown-ups may intrude on this charmed province, although the pictures are so good that they bring about a bad case of writer's itch at once. This will be just the book for the Christmas stocking, even though it is rather large and may have to be put underneath the Christmas tree instead. In the case of *Can You Draw It*, a Book of Riddles with Answers to Draw, by Grace Allen (Oxford University), this tiny book may very easily fit into the stocking. It will keep us busy after the Christmas excitement is over. We are bidden to read the riddle at the top of each page, and, if we can't answer, trace with our pencil the mysterious dots which are scattered about, each dot being numbered. The result of these pencil-excursions will be the answer to the riddle. It is a most ingenious idea, carefully worked out, and a companion to Miss Allen's book which appeared last year. Almost any child will be entranced by it.

It would not be a real Christmas without a few of the gift books and anthologies so delightful to pore over. *Famous Animal Stories*, edited by Ernest Thompson Seton (Brentano's) will be especially welcome wherever groups of girls get together for reading aloud their favorite stories of this nature. All kinds of animals, many periods of time, are represented. There is the mythological bull of Theseus, and there are bits of the life of "Smoky", Will James's famous horse; there are some of Aesop's animals, and the dogs of Albert Payson Terhune. There is the "Black Cat" of Poe; and Andersen's "Ugly Duckling" and his "Nightingale" are there, as well as the "Baby Baboon" of Mary Akeley. The canvas is so varied and interesting that the book will appeal to all ages. There is also an especially beautiful edition of *Ramona* by Helen Hunt Jackson—that romantic and colorful classic of Spanish and Indian life in California. And finally, with a real Christmas message, there is Ruskin's *King of the Golden River* (Lippincott), with characteristic illustrations of the impish king and the wicked brothers as well as of good little Hans, by one of the most beloved of illustrators, Arthur Rackham.



George Was Wonderful

(Continued from page 9)

was drawn up every available vehicle within a radius of twenty miles—a curious assortment of ancient rattletaps, battered little coupés, fourth-hand sedans, lumbering trucks—everything that had four wheels and would go.

Light streamed from the windows, smoke curled from the chimney. Delectable odors poured forth. The big stove outdid itself. Pine boughs hid the blackboards. Rafters were hung with fir cones and desert holly. At one end of the room stood the tree, brought down from the mountains. It glimmered with candles; it wore lavish strings of popcorn; its gold stars had been fashioned by patient little fingers; and its own silvered cones sparkled in the light.

Down the center of the room extended a long table, bearing on its snowy bosom the grandest feast ever assembled in that village. Five huge, golden brown, roasted turkeys sent up clouds of ambrosial steam. Dishes of home-canned vegetables, salads, rolls and biscuits, cakes and pies, jellies, pickles, candy, pots of tea and coffee, pitchers of milk, filled every inch of space.

The seven little Sorensens were there, tow heads washed and brushed, faded clothes clean, pale eyes glistening. The Dohrmans were there, with two sets of twins and a red-headed baby. The Gittings brought their well-scrubbed five. The Jackson girls wore rayon; Micky Harilla had his pants pressed. Old man Nickleson and his wife appeared out of the mountains with a pop-eyed grandchild. Not a boy, not a girl, not a baby in the valley was missing.

When the food had been completely demolished and the tables cleared, Judie stood by the tree and led the music, one of the big girls accompanying her on the tin-panny school piano. Carols, hymns, old songs—the strains nearly burst the roof.

From the time the first child had entered the building and gaped at the sight of the table and the tree until that replete moment after dinner, strange whispers had been afloat. One word went the rounds—*presents!* Avid eyes had searched in vain; inquisitive hands had poked about the cloak room, cupboards, even the woodshed at the rear. Nothing like a present could be found. And bright-eyed Judie gave no sign that anything but music, and then more music, was to be expected. However, it might have been observed that she glanced more and more frequently at the clock. Through the younger members of the assembly something like an electric current passed. Could this be the hoped-for moment?

Suddenly, Judie's face lighted. She held up one hand, "Hark!"

They heard it then, a drumming noise outside, high up, that grew rapidly louder, louder—nearer, nearer! A child screamed. There was a stir, a shuffling of feet. Heads turned. Judie ran to the door and flung it wide. "Come, all of you! Look!" she cried.

Pell-mell the children rushed after her. "An airplane, an airplane!" they shouted. "It's coming down!"

The droning noise grew overpowering. In a great arc a huge, red, lighted night monster of the sky circled the little schoolhouse, circled, circled, each time inscribing a narrower curve. Then with a swoop it darted down, whirled along the frozen fields

and came to a full stop not thirty yards from the open door and the crowd of children. There was a long-drawn cry of rapture and excitement, a surge forward. But quicker than this movement was the descent of a figure from the cabin of the plane, a figure in red jacket and white fur, with long beard and a heavy pack over his shoulders.

"Come back into the house!" Judie commanded. "At once, children! It's Santa Claus! He's coming, too!"

Such a rubicund, beaming Santa Claus! His eyes shot genial sparks; he rumbled jovially; he swung his laden pack and let it down with a thump.

The most amazing things came out of that pack! Each package was handed out with incredibly fitting speeches for everyone. Santa appeared intimately familiar with the personal characteristics and pressing needs of every child in the valley. His deep, jolly bass voice now and then cracked familiarly, but what with blowing horns, examining books, bouncing balls, trying on sweaters, and making dolls go to sleep, everybody was too seriously engaged to pay heed to the matter. The valley children might not have been keyed up to the finer points of etiquette, but they did know that when miracles occurred it was not in good taste to inquire too closely into their origin.

Even Judie had a packet handed her. "I don't want anything. I'm too old," she said.

"Take it!" Santa ordered, "if you know what's good for you!" His eyes snapped.

Folded around a handkerchief, the grandest that the five-and-ten in town could boast—marvelous at the price, it had both lace and embroidery on it—was a note written on a piece of school paper. It said:

Judie, you're a brick. I know now where that misterious fund of yours came from. But you shan't miss out. Trust your Uncle George! I've got Hank Finney to promise to take you East in the summer in his plane.

With best wishes of the seson, I am,

Yours truly, George.

"Thas' all!" With a swoop Santa retrieved his empty sack and made for the open door. Judie followed. He almost got away from her, but she snatched his sleeve, as he plunged through the door.

"George, you were wonderful!" she breathed fervently.

Under the red paint and white whiskers his own familiar, heart-warming grin shone at her. He grimaced; he winked. But there were others at their heels, clamoring.

"Stand back!" he shouted and broke away, dashing at top speed across the open space and leaping into the plane. His pilot was waiting, ready. Instantly the big, lighted bird began to move.

It roared and taxied off. It ran the length of the field, lifted slowly—then faster, faster—it was up and off. In the loud droning, who could have heard, yet all would have sworn that words floated down—words, immemorial, laden with the memories and significances of a thousand Christmases, so light in form, so sacred in meaning. Long after the schoolhouse was shut and dark and everybody had made his way home under the stars, they still seemed to echo in the air.

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight!"

Be Santa Claus to your room

Give your room a present this year—cheer it up for the holidays. Freshen the curtains and linens. Brighten the woodwork and windows. You can do it easily—with Fels-Naptha's extra help. Its good golden soap and plentiful naptha, working together, get things beautifully clean—without hard rubbing. This extra help can lighten Mother's holiday washing and cleaning, too. Does she know about it?

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Christmas Party Dishes

(Continued from page 25)

bowls. As a garnish, whipped cream topped with finely cut parsley and paprika may be used.

I cannot keep my mind away from the turkey. So to quiet my fancy here are two ways to prepare the cranberries.

Cranberry Sauce

This simplicity may deceive you but not for long. One taste and you will bear me out as to its delicacy.

Cook two cups of water and two cups of sugar for five minutes. Add one quart of washed cranberries. Cook for five minutes. Pour into glass jars. Serve cold.

The second way of preparing the scarlet bog berries is slightly more decorative and equally delicious. It may be used to garnish either of the salads which follow or as an accompaniment to any roast.

Cranberry Jelly

Cook one quart of cranberries in one pint of water until tender. Strain through a jelly bag and let drip, without squeezing. Measure the juice. For each cup add three-fourths cup of sugar. Heat until the sugar is dissolved. Pour into individual molds or jelly glasses. Serve cold.

A Christmas salad must be simple, light, distinctive of flavor. I offer this one to you as equal to requirements. I'm sure you and your guests will agree with me once you have tried it.

Christmas Salad

To crisp, chilled lettuce leaves, arranged on individual salad plates, add three balls of cream cheese sprinkled with chopped nuts. Pour over each individual salad a French dressing made with lemon juice instead of with vinegar. Garnish with a small mold of cranberry jelly on each plate. Serve with tiny brown bread and butter sandwiches.

I am suggesting another salad in this article also. It is one that can be put together at a moment's notice. It may be served as a dinner or luncheon course or as a part of the round-the-fireplace supper.

Girl Scout Christmas Salad

Open a can of pears, pour into a saucepan, add two or more red cinnamon candies, cook until pears are red. Be careful not to overcook or the fruit will become mushy.

Mix two packages of cream cheese with a tablespoon or more of finely chopped preserved ginger. Make into balls. Arrange nests of lettuce on salad plates.

Drain and chill pears. Set a pear and a cheese ball in each nest. Serve with cream mayonnaise—a dressing consisting of equal parts of whipped cream and mayonnaise beaten together.

By the way—the cream cheese mixture is a tasty sandwich filling.

I have mentioned quite a good bit about garnishings this time. I believe in them, do you not, and in color combinations on the plate? But more of that another time. Just a word now on your Christmas table decorations.

Why not place a tiny growing tree in the centre of the table as the main decorative theme? Hung with a small gift for each member of the family, it is a fitting motif of the season. I suggest a growing tree because once the holidays are over it may be planted in your garden, an ever delightful reminder of 1932's Christmas. As one year piles itself upon another it will bring yet another Christmas tree to your yard. In time a grove of evergreens will meet your grandchildren when they visit you on Christmas day.

It is an idea I got from the thrifty French, really. They always dig their Christmas tree up by the roots. They protect the delicate roots in bagging during the holiday festivities, but once the season is over the tree is given a permanent home in the garden.

But to get back to your table decorations. The potted tree set within a Christmas wreath in the centre of the table may be flanked at each corner by a candlestick set within its own miniature holly wreath and bearing a red candle. Two bonbon dishes of red and white candies placed within small holly wreaths are put close to the candles to face the head and foot of the table.

If you do not live where holly grows, wreaths of princess pine or hemlock or juniper twigs do equally well and are more woody in smell.

But before we leave the Christmas feast the pudding must be served. Here it is, a sweet for your sweet tooth.

Jellied Christmas Pudding

Soak two tablespoons of gelatin in one-half cup of water. Melt one-half cup of grated chocolate; scald one quart of milk. Stir into the beaten yolks of two eggs, three-fourths cup of sugar and the melted chocolate. Dilute this to a thin paste with

a little hot milk and add it to the rest of the scalded milk. Cook over hot water until it starts to thicken.

Add the gelatin and stir until it completely melts. Cool the mixture until it begins to thicken; then fold in the beaten whites of two eggs and flavor with a teaspoon of vanilla.

Continue chilling until the pudding begins to set. Then, pour over it a mixture consisting of one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of washed currants, one-fourth cup of minced citron and the grated rind of one orange.

Pour into individual molds and put away to chill. When you are ready to serve it, free from molds and add whipped cream and a red cherry.

And now to fill the cookie crocks for those many Christmas callers, I give you this recipe that they may pleasantly remember your hospitality. These cookies are not hard to make and they are always popular.

Filled Cookies

Cream one-half cup of fat; add one cup of sugar; cream until the grain is out of the sugar. Beat up two eggs; stir into the sugar and butter.

Measure out two and one-half cups of sifted flour; add one-fourth teaspoon of salt and sift. Next add one-third teaspoon soda and a teaspoon of vanilla, or two tablespoons of thick sour cream.

The cream and flour are to be added alternately to the first mixture.

Set in the refrigerator to cool.

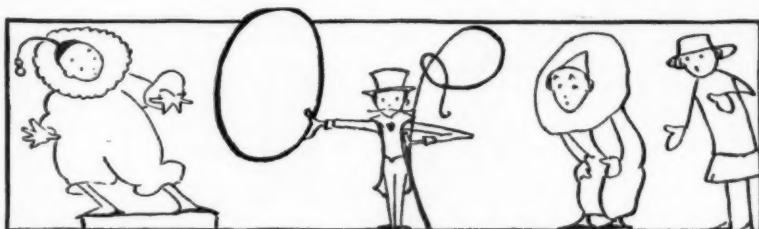
Meanwhile prepare the following as a filling: one-half cup each of raisins, dates, nut meats put through a meat chopper. Add to this one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of cold water, and the strained juice of one-half lemon.

Roll out the chilled dough until very thin. Cut in rounds. Place upon one round a small amount of the prepared filling. Moisten the edge with a little water and top with another round. Continue until all the rounds are used up.

If necessary, go over the cookies again with a cutter to make finished edges. Bake in a hot oven 425 degrees Fahrenheit for about ten minutes. Allow the cookies to cool before serving.

An appetizer, a soup, two ways of preparing cranberries, two salads, some cookies—this is my Christmas gift to every AMERICAN GIRL reader.

May you be happy this holiday season and may all your Christmas wishes come true.



Laugh and Grow Stout

Buzz! Buzz!

A busy city man entered a telephone booth and asked for "Double-two, double-two."

"Two, two, two, two," replied the operator reproachfully.

"All right," sighed the city man, "but get the number first and we'll play train afterwards." — *Sent by DOROTHY SPECHTHOLD, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Mad Hat

A nearsighted man lost his hat in a strong wind. He gave chase. A woman screamed from a nearby farmhouse, "What are you doing there?"

"Getting my hat," he replied.

"Your hat!" exclaimed the woman. "That's our little black hen you're chasing!" — *Sent by FRANCES JANE WALLOUR, Newton Centre, Massachusetts.*



Too Far Ahead

ROBUST OLD GENTLEMAN (to old lady at health resort): When I first

came here I hadn't strength to utter a word; I had scarcely a hair on my head; I couldn't walk across the room, and had to be lifted from my bed.

SICK LADY: You give me hope, kind sir. How long have you been here?

ROBUST OLD GENTLEMAN: I was born here. — *Sent by KATHRYN CLINTON, Southgate, California.*

Nom de Plume

A man who went into a shop to buy a fountain pen was shown several by the saleswoman. He filled a paper with "Tempus Fugit."

The saleswoman offered him another pen, saying, "You may like this one better, Mr. Fugit." — *Sent by RUTH BILGER, Houston, Texas.*

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Tandem-Coasting



The bridegroom had no visible means of support except his father, who was rich.

When the wedding service reached the point where he had to repeat, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow", his father whispered in a voice that could be heard all over the church:

"Heavens! There goes his bicycle!" — *Sent by MARY JANE KINCADE, Erie, Pennsylvania.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Two's a Pair

A southern banker attending a convention in Memphis discovered at breakfast that he had forgotten his glasses. So when the waiter asked him what he wanted to order he said he was sorry but that perhaps the waiter had better read him the menu.

"I'm sorry, boss, but I ain't got no education, either," the waiter answered. — *Sent by ELIZABETH LORENZ, Chicago, Illinois.*

Lest Auld Acquaintance

Trade was bad. At the end of a very blank day the discouraged salesman called on another prospective customer and asked to show his samples.

"No, there is nothing I want today," said the customer.

"But will you just examine my line of goods?" the salesman asked, with the usual persistence of his kind.

The customer would not.

"Then," said the salesman meekly, "will you let me use a part of your counter to look at them myself? I have not had the opportunity for some time." — *Sent by BETTY JEAN HEATH, Indianapolis, Indiana.*



Matador Preferred

"Hey, there!" shouted a city chap crossing a pasture to a farmer who was working in an adjoining field. "Is that bull perfectly safe?"

"Well, he's a heap sight safer'n you are," the farmer called back. — *Sent by AVALYN ZIMMERMAN, Wichita, Kansas.*

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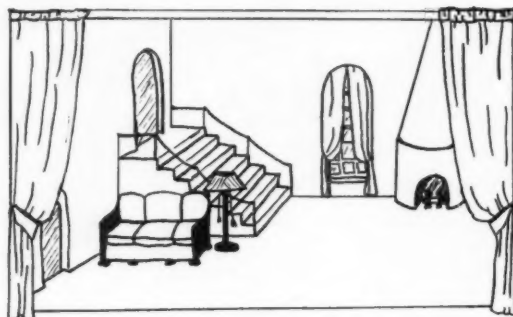


THE TIME has come to ask if you have read THE AMERICAN GIRL announcement on the inside front cover.

There are so many delightful stories and articles in store for you during 1933! Each issue will bring you lots of fun and good times.

Any one of the "How-to-Make . . ." articles—for instance, **Making Candy-Making Pay**, by Rosemary Doyle to appear in the January issue—will help you save many times the cost of a subscription to

THE AMERICAN GIRL



How to Make a Miniature Stage

for marionette tryouts or for testing lighting or costume effects on a small scale for real plays

By MARJORIE SWAFFORD

BETTY wanted a doll stage for Christmas but none could be found though I searched every large department store, so for a time it seemed her hopes were to remain unfulfilled.

But when she came downstairs on Christmas morning she found, in addition to many other gifts, a big, rough, wooden box, the floor of which was twenty-four by twelve inches, the back and two side walls fourteen inches high. What could it be?

Inside the mysterious box were numerous packages wrapped in tissue paper. There were big and little packages, and their shapes were many. They held odd things, too. One contained six little brass hinges and several screws; another, a yard and one-half of medium weight gray flannel. Several sheets of plain cardboard were revealed by another. Others when opened became a jar of paste, a box of tacks, a square foot of Christmas paper in a brickwork design, half a yard of dark gray felt, an assortment of small pieces of crepe paper in the merriest colors: orange, yellow, red, green, blue and purple. One soft bundle disclosed one-half yard of maroon colored satin and the amazed Betty was not too polite to recognize it as a remnant from a tea gown of mother's. A spool of wire and a new paintbrush for her water-color set were in the last extraordinary package.

Betty's eyes were round with excitement as she looked at the array of tools about her. For they were tools, that she knew. But tools for what?

No one answered her surprised questioning—in fact she did not want us to. So she arrived at the answer herself much to her delight. She had asked for a doll stage—here it was before her in embryo.

We started that very afternoon—Betty, her father and I. There was much sawing to be done so we were glad to have the help of a man's good sawing arm. First, we made a door space by sawing out a piece five inches high, three inches wide. It came two inches from the left hand side wall. A space two inches from the left side of the back wall was cut out to make the second door, while the third door was cut out at the top right hand corner of the left wall.

Three doors. Now for ceiling spotlights.

A two-inch square, two inches from the front, five from either side was cut out. Then under our direction our sawyer cut out two three-inch squares: one from the left hand upper corner of the back, three inches from top and side; the other from the right hand lower corner, four inches from the wall and five inches up. Then we dismissed him. The rest was Betty's part and mine.

Now the mysterious bundles played their part in our scheme: the flannel was snugly tacked over the three walls and ceiling. We folded it under at all intersections and openings so no rough edges showed. Flannel also covered the three oblong pieces of wood which had been cut out from the side walls. Then we fastened them in place with tiny hinges and they became outward swinging doors. For a purpose to be later explained we also covered the square pieces that had been sawed out. But we did not fasten these to the box.

Then we carpeted the floor with gray felt. We fitted it so exactly that we felt quite proud of our skill as craftsmen. This done the foundation of the stage was complete. There it stood—waiting for the tragedies and comedies that should be revealed against its neutral background.

But the more fascinating details were yet to come. A quarter-inch in from the sides and a half-inch down from the top, we strung a taut line of wire across the top of the stage front. We fastened one side, then let it hang slack until we finished making the flamboyant front curtains. Of maroon colored satin from the tea gown that was—they were particularly effective.

We made them a pair—sixteen inches wide—with deep bottom hems and small rolled hems at the sides. At the top the material was folded over about an inch, and stitched. Another line of stitching was made one-half inch from the top, and the wire was strung through this lower opening, so that there was no gap between the curtain and ceiling. We sewed the outside edges of the curtain to the tiny protruding edge of gray flannel and tied them back with one-half-inch wide ties of the same material.

The making of the spotlights came next. Betty watched as if fascinated when I took

up two old boxes that had held automatic pencils. I cut them into three-and-one-half inch sections—six pieces in all. I then tacked the pieces on the outside bottoms and sides of the three-inch squares in the back of the stage, so that squares of cardboard, approximately three-and-one-quarter inch, could be slipped in and held in place.

"What are those for?" asked Betty now deeply perplexed.

"Those are the little grooves for the spotlight squares," I told her. "Cut three-and-one-quarter-inch squares from this cardboard, and cut circles from the center, one-and-one-quarter inches in diameter. Paint the cardboard gray to match the walls; paste colored crêpe paper over the back of the square. Slide the finished piece into the groove, shine a bright flashlight through from the back, and a shaft of colored light is thrown upon the stage, shifting as you move your light."

"Let's have one be a new moon," Betty suggested, already busy with scissors and paste, preparing a blue spotlight which was to throw an eerie, fascinating low light upon the stage. So a crescent instead of a circle was cut in one piece of pasteboard, and a bewitching orange new moon winked down from a corner of the stage a few moments later.

By making cones of cardboard of any desired size and pasting crêpe paper over the end, spotlights from the front may be fashioned. The cone is slid over the head of the flashlight, and may be fastened on with adhesive tape.

"What's that door 'way up there near the ceiling?" Betty asked. "No one could get to it!"

"Indeed one couldn't," I agreed, "unless a flight of stairs was built to go up to it. Let's do that now."

We did and by making the stairway nine inches high, it reached exactly to the door. We made it four inches wide. The side pieces were cut from heavy cardboard. The cross pieces were fastened on by pasting strips of paper across them to the slides. The top step was made four inches square—to allow for balcony scenes.

"Let's have a railing," suggested Betty practically. "Then the dolls won't fall over."

So after covering the stairs and left side with gray flannel, we added a cardboard railing and made it stand upright by sticking pins through the under part of the stair-

case and up through each rail. Painted a dark brown the staircase was complete.

Making windows and doors next claimed our attention, for the gray oblongs on hinges looked exactly like the rest of the stage. We cut two oblongs of cardboard to fit the doors, drew panels upon them, painted them dark brown, and sewed a little round button on for a knob. These were easily pinned on top of the hinged stage doors.

Our windows were a bit more complicated. We cut two shapes three-and-one-half inches by two-and-one-half inches from cardboard, and one four by three inches. The first two we finished alike. We drew the frame, painted it brown and painted the suggestion of a landscape on the panes, blue sky at the top.

We also drew a frame on the larger window, and painted it. We made the two halves of the window black to represent night, but cut a crescent in the top part. When this window was pinned so that the crescent came directly over the open space in the right hand side of the back wall, a yellow light square could be placed behind it and a crescent moon appeared.

I could continue on and on, telling how we fashioned a small fireplace out of an old match box, the brickwork design Christmas paper, and some cardboard for the mantel; how we made chairs and davenport and tables; how we constructed a doll mirror from tinfoil and cardboard.

But you will enjoy much more figuring out for yourself new ways to make furniture and settings, new costumes for dolls, interesting color schemes and lighting.

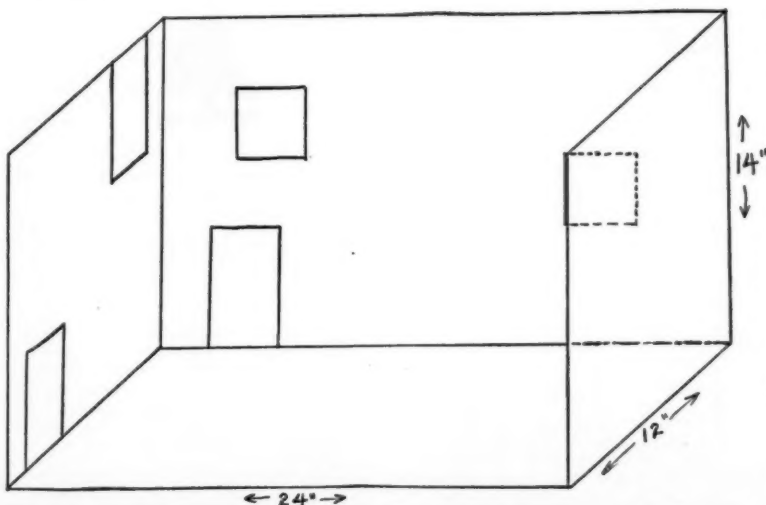
And I know you will have as much fun making your little stage as Betty and I had.

As a matter of fact, not long ago two young women, much older than Betty, made a miniature stage after our pattern. Not that theirs was a doll stage—no indeed! Theirs was a practise stage upon which to try out a play they had just written.

They placed the furniture and arranged the sets and lighting effects exactly as they wished to have everything done when their play appeared upon a real stage.

So whether it's for dolls or marionettes or for tryouts on a small scale this sort of homemade stage is fun to make and gives great pleasure no matter how many years are yours to claim.

As to expense—Betty's miniature stage complete cost under two dollars.

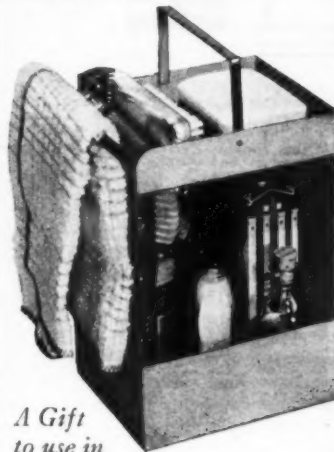


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Holiday Parties



(Continued from page 17)

bulb, a bunch of invisible hairpins, a silk glove mit and an electric light outlet connection.

To test taste: Give each guest a tiny paper basket with ten very small candies in it. Be sure every basket has one candy of each of ten different flavors. Try to choose candies that do not give away their flavor by their color. The hostess calls out each color, size, or shape, of the candy in the order in which they are to be tested and guessed. If the prizes have been inexpensive, sometimes a final prize is given for the guest with the highest average score.

Here are other popular and informal games:

Treasure Hunt

Before your guests arrive hide chocolate coins covered with gold tinfoil about several rooms. Hunting in partners adds interest. This is a good ice breaker. The seekers finding the largest number of chocolate coins win the game.



A Modern Santa Claus

Give each guest a piece of colored paper and a pair of scissors. Allow five minutes to cut out a modern Santa Claus. Each guest writes his name on the back of his cut-out. The figures are then pinned up on exhibition. The best by vote is given a prize. Sometimes prizes are given for the funniest Santa Claus as well as for the most original.

As I See Myself

Each guest is given a pencil and paper and told to write a vivid description of himself. Allow ten minutes. The boys' descriptions are now put into one box and distributed to the girls; the girls' in another box and distributed to the boys. Everyone tries to identify a person by his description. When all have been identified, the descriptions are read aloud to the group for judging. The group votes for the most vivid description and for the one that is most amusing.

First prize may be one of those real appearing books with blank pages to be presented with the remark that anyone who writes descriptions so well owes it to posterity to start writing a novel immediately. The booby prize is usually a mirror to be accompanied with the advice, "Take a look at yourself."



Famous Quotations

Write a well known quotation on two pieces of paper. Distribute one part of the saying to the girls, the other to the boys. The old saw given below illustrates the meaning:

NOT FAILURE
BUT

LOW AIM
IS CRIME

Supper partners are found by matching the parts of the quotation.

Simple refreshments are best. Winifred Moses's article in this issue will give you some excellent suggestions, both for food and table decorations.

After-supper souvenir packages from the Christmas tree should be distributed. At a New Year's Eve party these might contain noise makers with which to usher in the New Year.

A Holiday Dance

If you are planning a Christmas dance, the following program should prove novel and interesting:

1. Matching for partners with Christmas symbols: Guests are given souvenirs as they arrive and find their first partner by matching these favors.
2. Foxtrot.
3. Paul Jones: Twin circles with Christmas candy—the boys form a circle at one end of the room, the girls at the other. Put a boy in the girls' circle, a girl in the boys' circle and give each a basket of Christmas candy. Circles skip around to music. When music stops the center person gives someone a piece of candy. That one has to leave the circle. The boy and girl leaving the circle each time dance together. Continue until all have partners. The center figure dances with last person.
4. Waltz.
5. Cinderella's Slipper.
Ask each boy to seat his partner, and to take off one of her slippers and put it in the large hamper or basket provided. After the slippers are all in, each boy, without looking, pulls one out of the basket and tries to fit it on the girl to whom it belongs. When he finds the Cinderella for his slipper, they dance together.
6. Tango.
7. Christmas Bells.
Ask four couples to start to dance. At a signal agreed upon the girls invite their new partners to dance and the boys sit in chairs provided in the center of the floor. Each boy is given a bell. They have to sit and ring the bell until the girls go and rescue them.

8. Foxtrot.

9. Christmas Lights.

All start to dance. All lights except the Christmas lights are turned out. After a few phrases of music these are turned out. At this signal everyone leaves his partner but keeps on dancing. The lights come on almost immediately and each has to dance with the person nearest to him. Repeat several times.



10. New Year's Resolutions Elimination.

Give each guest a slip of paper and pencil. Ask everyone to write a New Year's resolution. Collect the girls' in one hat, the boys' in another. Start dancing. The music stops every eight measures and a resolution is read from each hat. The girl and boy whose resolutions have been read must sit down, their partners dancing together. Continue until only one couple is left. They must dance for the group. Give both boy and girl a prize.

11. Supper Dance—with decorations and favors already suggested.

12. Clock Striking Elimination.

Prepare a card for each couple. Put on each card a number from one to twelve and be sure the number twelve appears on only one card. About ten minutes before midnight ask each couple to draw a card from the basket. All start to dance. The music stops every few phrases and a clock strikes some hour but not in sequence. All those



holding cards with this number have to sit down. The clock must be arranged where no one can see it. It can be simulated by having someone behind a screen or piano strike a still bar, or an iron pipe, with a covered hammer. Strike every hour but twelve. Timing it carefully, eliminate all dancers but the winning couple just a few seconds before twelve. As they dance the official bells will ring out. They receive prizes appropriate for New Year's. Attractive calendars, diaries, engagement pads are all popular.

13. New Year Dance, with crystal balloons, serpentine, confetti and noise makers as favors.



A Girl Scout's Christmas List

In making up a Christmas list, a Girl Scout can think of many things useful in her scouting activities as well as in her daily routine. There are at least six things which this particular Girl Scout will be especially glad to get this Christmas. Here we see the list, but its series of dashes makes it look rather incomplete. Each dash however, represents a letter in the word. A few of the letters are already in place.

The cryptic sentence inside the wreath contains the complete set of letters to make up the six names. Use each letter once only.

Several Christmas gifts are pictured in the background. The six subjects of our puzzle are included with them.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. To slip slowly away.
2. A collection of maps.
3. Schemes, or projects.
4. A familiar Xmas character.
5. A literary composition.

By MARY PIPEA, Troop 23, Portland, Ore.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change BASE into REST in seven moves.

By JEAN ACKERMANN, New York, N. Y.

Enigma

I am something that every Girl Scout needs. I contain eighteen letters.

My 6, 1, 13, and 14 is found on every beach.

My 10, 12, 7, and 18 is a useful kind of a nail.

My 5, 8, and 2 is a product of a tree. My 11, 9, and 15 is found on every automobile.

My 3 is a pronoun.

My 17 is naught.

My 16, and 4 is a conjunction.

By BARBARA JANE WEIL, Chicago, Ill.

A Charade

My first is in you, but never in me.

My second, in bush, is never in tree.

My third is in love, but not in hate.

My fourth, in Ellen, is also in Kate. My fifth is in tea, and never in coffee. My sixth, in peppermint, is never in toffee.

My seventh is in cord and also in Ford. My eighth is in spear and never in sword. My whole, and the subject of this little rhyme,

Is another way of naming the glad Christmas time.

By JEAN McFEELY, Oak Park, Ill.

Concealed Words

The name of a kind of food is concealed in each of the six following sentences:

1. I said to Bob, "Read that story to me again."
2. While you are there, bring Peter a dish too, Esther.
3. I am sure I can dye my dress a darker blue.
4. Did you see Emil kick the ball over the goal line!
5. They say it's easy to spot a tourist in Boston.
6. The teacher gave the boy a piercing look.

By CAROL JEAN WHITE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ANSWERS TO OUR LAST PUZZLES

THE "A.M." PUZZLE:

1. AMERICANS
2. CAMPSTOOL
3. CHAMELEON
4. ENFAMILLE
5. FIRMAMENT
6. IGNORAMUS
7. SCOUTCAMP
8. MILLIGRAM

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

S P O R T
P O L A R
R A V E N
T R E N D

A CHARADE: Boston.

ADD A LETTER: The eight added letters spell FRANKLIN.

ENIGMA: William Shakespeare.

CONCEALED ANIMALS: 1. Monkey 2. Fawn 3. Bear 4. Llama 5. Fox 6. Camel 7. Boar 8. Deer 9. Antelope 10. Stag

WORD JUMPING: Dirt, dire, wire, wise, wish, wash.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: Because there is a spring in it.

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THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

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ART AND POETRY

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE



REVERE F. WISTEHUFF. Here is the artist who has drawn some of your favorite covers and story illustrations. We think his pictures for *Phantom on the Ice* particularly attractive. Mr. Wistehuff has contributed to practically every

magazine of importance and says that he enjoys "doing the girl type of picture best, with a bit of human interest". He continues: "I was born in Peoria, Illinois and studied at Bradley Polytech, and then went on to the Chicago Art Institute. In the meantime, Walter Beach Humphrey, the illustrator, who had been one of my instructors at Bradley, suggested I come on to the artists' colony at New Rochelle. Then more study at the Art League in New York under Bridgeman and Dumond, and later a position with an advertising agency."

"Of course every interview must include hobbies or diversions, and my favorite sports seem to be tennis and badminton."

MIRIAM BARTLETT. This isn't a good photograph of Miss Bartlett but it was the only thing she had—a snapshot taken on shipboard. She likes making gay decorations such as she has done for *Holiday Parties* in this issue, and she has also done a good deal of fashion

work and illustrations for articles on interior decoration. She has studied in New York and Paris—she sailed for France in 1927 on two weeks' notice—and now has a summer studio in Woodstock, New York. "My real hobby is so closely allied to my work," she writes, "that perhaps it can hardly be called a hobby. It is decorating apartments—most often my own—actually, rather than on paper. I like the actual job of painting walls and woodwork as much as I like planning what colors to use. I've moved almost every year since I've been in New York and I think that it is because I want a chance to begin redecorating a new apartment, to show what delightful things can be done to seemingly impossible places. I'm not at all athletic but I do drive a little Whippet roadster."



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LUCILE MARSH. Ever since their childhood, Lucile Marsh and her sister Agnes have been interested in dancing and arranging parties. In college they were both members of the Dance Club and after graduating, they had a studio of their own. Lucile Marsh with her sister is the author of several books on dancing and is well-known as a dance critic and as Director of the Dancers Club of New York.

In order to give a successful party, Miss Marsh believes, there should be enough organization so that there is something to do all the time but not so much that guests feel that they are being rushed from one thing to another. If you follow the directions in Miss Marsh's article, you will realize how much a little planning ahead helps to make a party good.



COMING EVENTS. The January number will bring you a short story by Clarice N. Detzer. Undoubtedly most of you will remember the exciting things she has written for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* in the past. Her newest, *Code of the Coast*, tells of a girl's high courage when the odds were all against her. An adventure yarn of the most delightful sort. In January, too, a winter story of Holland by Adele de Leeuw will appear. You all know her *Luck of the Dunes*, don't you? There are many other stories but there isn't enough space here to give you more than this hint. But in February *The Hoodooed Inn* begins! Prepare for pluck, thrills, mystery, and gayety rampant among Rip Van Winkle's hills. All is unquiet up in the Catskills once *The Hoodooed Inn* casts its spell. It's by Louise Seymour Hasbrouck of *The Careless Kincaids*' fame. It's a fascinating tale, excellent to read aloud in your troop. The very sort of quick-moving story that almost any girl would like to live through during the summer holidays—she might, too! Read it and see.

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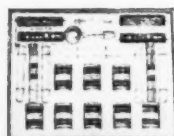
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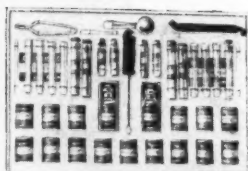
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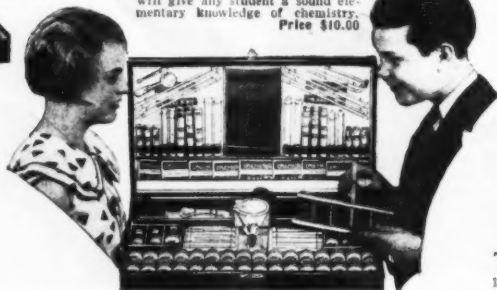


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